

CALUMET Baking Powder

A perfectly healthful powder made by improved chemical methods and of accurately proportioned materials.

Trust Baking Powders sell for 45 or 50 cents per pound and may be identified by this exorbitant price. They are a menace to public health, as food prepared from them contains large quantities of Rochelle salts, a dangerous cathartic drug.

STILL TO THE FRONT

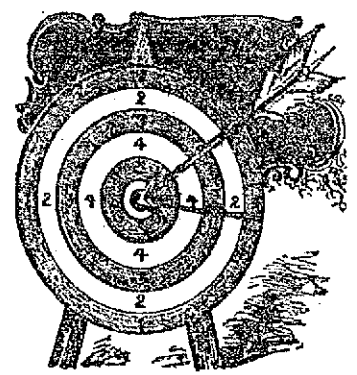


With two full carloads of....

Buggies, Surrys, Farm and Milk Wagons.

All from reliable factories. We can satisfy any customer both on price and quality. We are now figuring on Clover and Timothy Seed, Field Peas and Garden Seed and will tell you about them later.

CENTRALIA HDW. CO.
GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN.



We'll be the
TARGET
For your House
Bills.

Shoot 'em in to us.
Our estimates will bring results.

Kellogg Bros. Lumber Co.

YARDS AT

GRAND RAPIDS, NEKOOSA, W. GRAND RAPIDS.

NO AGENTS WANTED.

Marshfield Merchants Freeze Out Outside Stores.

The following from the Marshfield Times tells of how the merchants in that city made it warm for the agent of a Milwaukee store who tried to sell goods there:

"A representative of Gimbel Brothers who attempted to sell merchandise to the retail trade in this city by sample the past week, met with a rather discouraging reception and was glad to leave town Thursday with very few sales to his credit. He exhibited his samples in the hotel sample room and handed out cards soliciting retail trade, which came to the notice of local merchants and was considered a violation of the transient merchant act. Finding that the salesman had neither state nor city license District Attorney Brazeau was notified and he arrived Thursday morning to prosecute. As no criminal action could be sustained a civil action to enforce a forfeiture was commenced under the supposition that the goods sold were shipped from the Milwaukee branch of Gimbel Brothers. Upon investigation, however, it was shown that the goods were intended to be shipped from the factory at Philadelphia and consequently the man was protected by inter-state commerce law. The action was dismissed and the itinerant retailer left town."

In commenting on the matter the Times says:

"There seems to be a growing tendency on the part of such city department stores as are not enjoying a heavy wholesale trade in the smaller towns to encroach upon the rights of the local merchant, and it should be promptly checked in every instance. The practice is not only detrimental to the home merchant, but is also a trap for the consumers who buy by sample and are seldom given the goods they expect. The men who pay taxes on their large stocks in town are entitled to all the protection that our, in this respect, too liberal laws provide, and should be aided by the authorities in every feasible way."

This is all true and right to the point. The city of Grand Rapids periodically suffers from these attacks of sharks from outside the city, and if our people are so foolish as to patronize them the merchants should use their efforts to stop the practice.

There may have been a time when the merchants of Grand Rapids were unable to supply the people with good enough goods to satisfy their wants, but those days have gone by. There are now numerous stores in the city that keep a good variety of goods, and the proprietors stand ready and anxious to order anything that can be obtained in the big cities that they do not carry in stock, so that there is no excuse for flocking to patronize an outside firm.

It is possible a fact that some of the local merchants set the pace for their customers by sending outside for their printing where they can save a few cents, but this fact should not debar them from trying to make everybody else trade at home.

SUFFERED FROM COLD.

Engineer Has Thrilling Experience at Rudolph.

On Tuesday night of last week Engineer James had an experience at Rudolph that he will not forget in a hurry.

Mr. James was pulling a freight on the St. Paul that night and when Rudolph was reached they were unable to make the grade at that place, which is quite steep. An attempt was made to double up the hill, and when this had been partly accomplished the engineer discovered that the water in the tank was getting low.

The engine was run to Junction City for water, but when Rudolph was again reached the injector on the engine was found to be frozen. The weather was bitter cold, mercury standing about twenty degrees below zero, but there was nothing to do but take the fire out of the furnace, which was done.

Mr. James then stayed by his engine, attempting to keep the machine warm enough so that the boiler and pipes would not freeze up and burst, and thus cripple the locomotive seriously. He succeeded in this to a certain extent, but in working in the severe cold he sustained several frost bites, one foot being so badly frozen that it is thought that amputation will be necessary.

When the morning passenger came along next day the freight train was gotten up the hill with the aid of the locomotive from this train, which had to make several trips to do the work on account of being unable to leave the passenger coaches by themselves, owing to the cold weather that prevailed.

It is needless to say that it was an experience that none of the train crew would care to repeat.

An Old Settler Gone.

On Wednesday last week occurred the death of Thomas E. Whitman at the home of his son, Frank in the town of Rudolph, the deceased being aged 78 years, 10 months and 21 days. His death was the result of a stroke of paralysis which he sustained on February 13th.

Mr. Whitman was one of the oldest residents of Rudolph, having settled there in 1857, when he engaged in farming, making a continuous residence of some 46 years.

Mr. Whitman was born at Goshen, Orange County, New York, on the 24th day of March, 1824. He subsequently lived at Elmira where he worked at carpentering for 10 years. He came to Rudolph in 1857 and settled upon a farm, and was one of the first in the

town to engage in agricultural pursuits.

He was married at Elmira to Miss Jane Van Epps, and seven children were born to them to bless the union, four of whom are now living. For the past ten years he has made his home with his son Frank.

He was stricken with paralysis on Friday, February 13th and lived until the following Wednesday when he passed away.

The funeral services were held on Saturday morning at the M. E. church in this city, Rev. Peterson performing the last sad rites.

Among the relatives from abroad who were present were Misses Libbie and Irene Timian of Amherst, and Miss Cassy Whitman of Winnebago, Ill.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

The Second of a Very Enjoyable Series.

On the evening of February 22nd, 1903, at half past six sharp, a company of nineteen made up of the old soldiers and their wives in our city were gathered together with Mr. Brooks' roundabout and started on their journey to the town of Rudolph, their designation being the home of our estimable friend and comrade, Mr. Lessig.

Those who went out were Samuel Parker and wife, V. Wales and wife, L. Porter and wife, T. J. Cooper and wife, Mrs. F. Beadle, Mrs. N. Boucher, Mrs. D. Carey, Mrs. F. Carey and baby, Emmett Carey, Mrs. Geo. Baker, Mrs. J. Hazard, Mrs. F. Jackson, T. Burr, M. S. Pratt, H. Pellersels.

Nothing out of the ordinary happened on their way out except that I might mention that the old boys were anxious to show their gallantry and were very attentive and exhibited great bravery in caring for the wants of the girls, in seeing that the robes were properly adjusted and that their jacket collars were kept in place. We finally reached our destination in safety and found our comrade and family in good health and enjoying the comforts of a most costly, luxurious and modern built home. The house is a two-story building built of brick with hardwood finish throughout. We did not learn the exact cost, but would estimate the value at about \$15,000. Mr. Lessig had made on his place all the brick and lumber for the construction of the house. Mr. Lessig told us his daughters did the planning of the house and his boys did all the woodwork in building and that they had never learned the carpenters' trade, either, but were always handy with tools, but we think the work would be an honor to skilled hands.

Mr. Lessig's son Will showed us up a winding stairway into a room in the upper story and there introduced us to a wonderful display of mementos of his success in good marksmanship and fine skill in mounting the noble heads of the wild deer and also his knowledge of tanning and modeling into beautiful and useful rugs the hides of bear, deer, fox, raccoon, etc.

A most lovely spread was served by the ladies of the Relief Corps and Mrs. Lessig's daughters. When supper was announced the men were ushered into one dining room and the ladies into another, where they did ample justice to the most excellent coffee, sandwiches, cold meat, pickles and different kinds of cake and fruit. A social time was then enjoyed by the old boys and girls in singing a number of selections of army songs. Heartily thanking the Lessig family for the royal entertainment received at their hands and bidding them good-night we started on our journey home. The gallantry on the part of the boys in caring for the wants of the girls was the same as on the way out and the evening will be long remembered as a very enjoyable one.

ONE OF THE BOYS.

Meeting of Stockholders.

The stockholders in the corporation of Johnson & Hill company held their annual meeting last week and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Geo. M. Hill, president; Geo. W. Mead, vice president; C. F. Kruger, secretary; Mrs. Nels Johnson, treasurer.

The company expects to remodel their store this spring by fixing up the second story for display and salesroom. A package carrier will also be put in and the cashier's desk raised somewhat. Other improvements are contemplated but at the present time they have not been definitely decided upon.

Unclaimed Letters.

East side: A. M. Anderson, Geo. Beteg, Beldon, Tuthill & Bator, J. C. Davis, Mr. Johnson, package, J. E. Love, A. Malloaf, Colvin Reeves, Hans Sands, Mrs. R. Dobs, Bertha Pessio, Geo. B. Maymore.

West side: Aug. Petrick, Joseph Siberd, Charles Whit, Wm. Tennant, Herman Sipelow, jr.

Notice.

Having bought out the interest of D. Reiland in the meat market business I take this method of notifying all persons owing the old firm of D. Reiland & Co. that their accounts are payable to the firm of J. McCarthy & Co., who will also pay all bills against the old firm. J. MCCARTHY & CO.

Are Your Hands Chapped?

Apply Otto's Toilet Cream night and morning. It cures chapped hands in a hurry and leaves them soft and white. It's a fine preparation useful in every home. Price 25c. Sold only at our store. Otto's Pharmacy.

Choice cigars at Barnes & Voyers.

A GOOD ENTERTAINMENT.

Eighth Grade Pupils Amuse a Large Audience.

Saturday was a busy one for the pupils of the eighth grade. There was oratory, tragedy, comedy and music, and altogether an evening of entertainment seldom equalled by children of this size.

The principal event, to six of the pupils at least, was the oratorical contest which was to take place during the evening. For the winner of this contest a gold medal was to be awarded an unheard of event in the existence of the average school child. The contestants, for the medal were Edna Muir, Herold Arpin, Rena Phillee, Anna Klug, Cora Wright, and Laurie Drumb.

The medal was won by Edna Muir, her efforts being far ahead of the others who took part in the contest. Herold Arpin was second and Laurie Drumb third. All of the children took a good deal of pains with their subjects and no doubt the spirit of competition aided greatly in bringing out their best efforts. The judges in the contest were Judge W. J. Conway, Attorney T. W. Brazeau and Mrs. B. R. Goggins.

The play entitled "The Granger Home" by the class was also well rendered and showed a great deal of work in its preparation. Besides there was both instrumental and vocal music by the children, both the east and west sides eighth grade orchestras assisting as well as that from the high school. These were made up of the following members: West side High orchestra—Frank Natwick, first violin, Hugh Goggins, second violin; Schner Chase, piano; Fred Ebert, first cornet; William Nobles, second cornet. Howe High Orchestra: Kirk Muir; first violin; Clyde Herrick, second violin; Floy Quin, piano; Roland Murgatroyd, cornet; John Corcoran, cello. Howe Eighth Grade orchestra—Angelle Gouger, guitar; Eleonore Gouger, mandolin; Philip Gouger, violin; Edith Bruderli, piano.

The members of the eighth grade also appeared en masse in a march and chorus entitled "The Banner of the sea, during which they went thru some very pretty evolutions. The members of the class are as follows: Herold Arpin, Percy Booth, George Burchell, Lydia Cross, Isabelle Drumb, Percy Daly, Enoch Johnson, Beth Lamberton, Cassie Mahoney, Lenore McCarthy, Nellie Nelson, Oscar Olson, Laura Podawiltz, Theodore Scott, Sophia Timm, Mabel Bliss, Edith Bruderli, Constance Cross, Isabel Demitz, Laurie Drumb, Eleonore Gouger, Anna Klug, Lizzie Loeffelbein, Lottie Mahoney, Edna Muir, George Odegard, Rena Phillee, Verne Rumsey, Edward Smith, Jessie Wagner and Cora Wright.

The Howe high school room was fairly packed with spectators who wished to witness the doings of the youngsters, and even then many who had gone a trifle late were compelled to go home again, being unable to get even standing room. The affair was a brilliant success from start to finish, all of which is due to the efforts of A. E. Falch, who has charge of the grade. A neat sum over the expenses was netted which will be used by the class for decorative purposes.

Surprised Their Comrade.

Monday was the sixtieth anniversary of the birth of Henry Osterman, who lives about six miles east of the city, and in order to properly celebrate the event, Mrs. Osterman prepared a little surprise for the gentleman by inviting all his comrades to the house on that evening to partake of the good cheer which she had prepared for them.

The veterans and their wives rose to the occasion and responded to the invitation to the number of thirty-two. They brought with them a handsome bible which they presented to Mr. Osterman, M. S. Pratt making the presentation speech. The recipient of the gift then thanked the donors and those present proceeded to make themselves at home in good old fashioned style.

Songs were sung, good old war songs that revived memories of days when the singers were uncertain when their time would come and when any hour might be their last, and several solos were rendered by Mrs. George Courtney, who also played several nice selections on the organ. Supper was served and it was a gorgeous spread, and the veterans did ample justice to the fare put before them. Among those present were Messrs. and Mesdames V. Wales, S. Parker, L. Porter, W. L. Scott, T. Barr, J. J. Hazzard, George Baker, T. Davis, Louis Young, Mesdames Geo. Courtney, D. E. Carey, Frank Carey, F. Beadle, N. Boucher, Warren, B. O'Day and son Arthur; Messrs. John Grignon, T. J. Cooper, W. H. Getts, P. Mulroy, M. S. Pratt, and Elbert Eberhard.

Mrs. Heartil.

Died at Lindsay, Feb. 11th, 1903. Mrs. Fred Heartil, at the age of 67 years. The deceased was one of the pioneer residents of Lindsay and during the portion of her life passed here gained many friends who unite in sympathy with the bereaved family. She leaves a husband and two sons to mourn her death. The remains were taken to Baraboo for interment—Marshfield News.

Mrs. Fred Heartil was at one time a resident of this city, Mr. Heartil having run a shingle mill on the west side. The family left here many years ago.

—Book sale of Copyrighted books at the drug department of the Johnson & Hill company. Only 98 cents for books that usually sell for \$1.50 to \$1.75. The best chance you ever had to enlarge your library.

BRIEF CITY ITEMS

The Reuter Concert.—It was a large and enthusiastic audience that gathered at the opera house last night to hear the farewell concert of Jacob Reuter, the violin virtuoso. Mr. Reuter's playing was fully up to his usual form, and his tone had that superb quality that so few performers ever acquire. If Jacob Reuter has a fault it lies in his playing music universally above his audience. It is the simple, old familiar tune that touches the heart of the average person who attends these affairs, and if the great musicians would cater a trifle more to this class of people they would find their audience much more in harmony with them. Of the great musicians who have been in this country, but few of them have appreciated this fact, but these few have never failed to get right next to their audience whenever they appeared. Miss Gilkey rendered a very nice piano solo, and Miss Vincent spoke "The Roman Sentinel" with much force. Following is the program in full:

March and Valse de Concert..... Reuter
(a) Silliano—Hornblow..... Sahla
(b) Mazurka in A..... Musth
Ballade—Op. 29..... C. Reinecke
(a) Invention..... Reuter
(b) Gracie Song..... Reuter
Reading..... Roman Sentinel
Hungarian Fantasia..... Huboy
Overture—Martha..... Potow
String Quartette..... Paganini
La Bataille—On the Battlefield..... Jacob Reuter.

Died of Blood Poison.—Mrs. Luella Dankert died on Thursday morning from blood poison, as the result of childbirth. The deceased was only 17 years of age, having been married last summer. She is survived by her husband, Fred Dankert, and the boy baby, which was only a few days old at the time of his mother's death. Deceased was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Laughlin of Biron, where Mr. and Mrs. Dankert also lived. The funeral occurred at 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon from the Methodist church, Rev. B. J. Shaw conducting the services. The relatives have the sympathy of their friends in their affliction.

Frank Stahl Hurt.—On Saturday morning while near the Northwestern depot Frank Stahl was thrown from his rig and landing on his head and shoulder, was quite badly hurt. He was standing up in the rig at the time and in turning around the horses gave a sudden start which caused him to lose his balance. He was senseless by the fall and pretty badly bruised up, but is somewhat better at this writing. He sustained injuries to his spine that have also been bothering him somewhat.

Want Law Changed.—A petition has been circulated and liberally signed in this city asking that the law exempting married men from garnishment of wages be changed so that at least a part of it may be secured where a man persistently refuses to pay one of his honest debts. The merchants complain that unscrupulous persons take advantage of the law and refuse to pay debts that they are able to liquidate, and it is this class of men that the merchants are after.

Accidental Death.—The body of Miss Belle Dillon was brought to this city on Saturday and interred in Forest Hill cemetery. The deceased was 19 years of age, and with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Dillon, formerly lived here. Miss Dillon met her death from fire, being accidentally burned. Her clothes caught fire at the stove and before they could be extinguished she had been fatally burned. Mr. and Mrs. Dillon now live at Middle Inlet.

A Financial Success.—A good crowd attended the dance given by the Grand Rapids band on Friday evening with the result that the boys were about forty dollars to the good when they had settled up their affairs. The music furnished by the boys was highly complimented by many present, and taken altogether the affair was a marked success.

Case Postponed.—Henry Specha was arrested on Monday on complaint of Fred Witzel, charged with carrying concealed weapons. The case came up before Judge Brown and on application of the interested parties was postponed for one week. Both parties hail from Nekoosa. Witzel claims that Specha shot a dog belonging to him.

A Small Fire.—The fire company was called out at an early hour on Friday morning by a small fire in the laundry of the Witter house. Some ashes had been taken up in which there were some live coals and these set fire to the wood work. The blaze was extinguished without the aid of the fire department.

Confirmed by Supreme Court.—The Supreme court has confirmed the decision of the circuit court in the case of Leopold Schroeder vs. the Wisconsin Central railway. The case was tried in this city and Schroeder was awarded damages amounting to \$9,600. The railroad carried the case up and was defeated a second time.

Change of Location.—Wheeler & Rourke have removed their office to rooms in the Poinville building over Cohen's store. The firm has a fairly nice suite of rooms there and it will make quite comfortable quarters.

Among the debaters on the Stevens Point normal team is William Brown, a graduate from the Grand Rapids high school. William is the son of George Brown of Pittsville. Stevens Point will debate with Oshkosh on the 27th instant.

WHEN BOYS WERE MEN
By John Habberton.
Author of "Helen's Babies," "George Washington," Etc.
Copyright, 1901, by John Habberton.

On entering camp the order was given to prepare to fire the houses, stables, etc. The signal, the officers told us, would be the fall of the camp flagstaff, at which a man with an ax already stood, while the entire band, mounted, stood near by, playing "Auld Lang Syne." To prepare for firing camp was simple enough. It was merely to "stand by" with matches ready to light, for every bunk was of pine and contained a mattress full of hay, straw or leaves that had been well sunned and seasoned. The walls were of pine, and so were the roofs. No plaster or partitions could delay the spread of flame, and everything was as dry as a July sun could make it.

Down crashed the pole, hundreds of matches cracked, and the band began playing some solemn music, familiarly known as "Old Hundredth," and then dashed into "There's No Luck About the House," for "A Hot Time in the Old Town" had not yet been written. In a moment all the men were hurrying to the stables, where the horses stood all saddled. Orders had already been given to dash to the road as soon as mounted; the guidon bearers were already there as rallying points for the men of their respective troops. Already flames poured from the windows of all the houses and even from some of the roofs. The remaining hay in camp had been thrown by the stable orderlies upon the pine brush roofs of the stables. The instant a stable was entirely cleared of horses the roof was lighted and the fire quickly spread.

The spectacle that followed was as good as a fight, so some of our best fighting men said. At least 60 buildings were ablaze, and 900 mounted men were dashing between and around them in their effort to reach the road. Some of the slower men were obliged to make a detour of half a mile, for the heat of that aggregation of burning pine was intense, even to men already in the road.

Finally, however, when the orderly sergeants called the rolls, the entire command was present or accounted for. The column was formed quickly. Then the bugles sounded "forward," and the band once more did the appropriate thing, for it played "Ain't I Glad to Get Out of the Wilderness?" a popular air of the period. But before half a dozen bars had been played the music ceased and the column halted instinctively, for we heard a shot like that of a field gun.

"Fears about!" shouted our captain. As we were the rear guard, the men who had dropped behind in rear guard manner had already turned their horses and brought their carbines to the position of "advance."

"Look sharp!" said the captain. "Find the direction from which the next shot comes."

The instant we heard another report we saw a mass of shingles go skyward from the roof of our troop's house.

"Strange about that!" muttered the captain. "I heard only one report, that



Then came a deafening report, of the shell. I didn't suppose a field gun could be fired without being heard."

By this time the colonel and the major of our battalion were beside us and scanning the surrounding country with their glasses. Then came a deafening report, and blazing logs as well as shingles flew from the late abode of our troop.

"That beats me," said the colonel—"bursting shells, but no gun reports. I don't see any balloon from which the enemy could drop them."

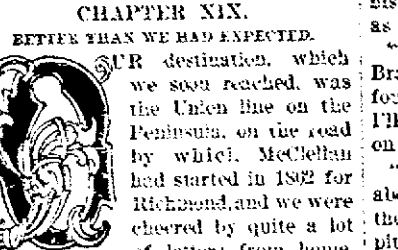
I, too, was mystified and looked inquiringly at Brainard, who in turn looked pale and as if a heavy load of guilt was on his conscience.

"Colonel," said he, saluting. "I think I can explain it. I—some of the men brought in unexploded shells after the siege as mementos, and they were too big to carry away and were carelessly left in the houses, and the fire has reached them and made them hot, and—"

"Thunder!" roared the colonel, turning almost black with anger. "Bugler, blow 'forward!'"

Again the column moved. Brainard and I had been glad we were to be rear guard, for we had planned to be together, if only for a moment, the last men to leave the post. Now, we almost wished we might never leave it, for

the colonel's anger looked too good to the men who were to blame for the false alarm, and it would be easy for the colonel to learn who the men were.



CHAPTER XIX.
BETTER THAN WE HAD EXPECTED.

OUR destination, which we soon reached, was the Union line on the Peninsula, on the road by which McClellan had started in 1862 for Richmond, and we were cheered by quite a lot of letters from home.

It appeared that the evacuation had been ordered for an earlier date, so mail matter for our regiment had not been forwarded.

No sooner had I opened one of my letters than I began to be mystified, for the writer, my mother, was praising me extravagantly for something gallant which she assumed I had done. I read rapidly, but only to be further mystified. A letter from my father was equally confusing. It informed me that the whole town was ringing with praises of me and that our district's member of the state senate had called to hear the story and declared that all the district as well as Summerton was talking of me and was proud of me.

I called Brainard to my assistance, but he was reading a letter from my cousin May and was utterly unresponsive, so I opened other envelopes, only to find congratulations from old schoolmates and even from some of the solid men of the village. What could it mean? Evidently some other John Frost in the cavalry service had done something in particular, and my family and fellow townsmen, like villagers in general, had not thought that there might be two men of the same name.

Little by little I learned from the letters that the deed of which I was supposed to be the hero was a midnight ride alone into a country swarming with the enemy. I had made no such ride unless it was on the night I was scared back to camp by the rattling trace chains of the artillery horses that Brainard afterward discovered. I had not recovered from my mortification at my failure that night, so of course it could not be for that affair that all Summerton and our senatorial district were praising me.

Slowly it occurred to me that some one of our Summerton troopers had heard of Brainard's successful ride of the same night and had known that I started to make the trip. He had got Brainard and me mixed in his mind, and so I was being glorified for work at which I had shamefully failed, and the real hero of the affair was being defrauded of his right.

"Charley!" I groaned. He was looking idiotically happy when I spoke, but said afterward that my face alarmed him. I quickly told him of the contents of my letters and of the only possible explanation.

"Is that all?" asked Brainard when I had concluded. "Do feel easy about it, for I'm not a bit jealous." Then he fell to rereading his letter from my cousin May, but I exclaimed:

"Stop being a fool! Listen to me! You know perfectly well that I'm not going to sail under false colors. The story will get pretty soon to the other Summerton men of our company, and they'll chaff me most numerically. I must find the man who wrote the yarn home, and you must help me, and we must make him correct the blunder before the story gets back here."

For the first time in my acquaintance with him Brainard looked irresolute. Still worse, he looked sheepish. Then he said:

"I'm afraid I'm the guilty man."

"You?"

"Yes. Don't be angry, Jack, when I explain. Of course I didn't suppose that your cousin May—"

"What has May to do with it?"

"Nothing. That is, she isn't in any way to blame. Say, old chap, I suppose you'll think me a fool, but—you can't understand. I'm not so modest that I couldn't see that my ride with dispatches that night was quite creditable to me, and I did wish your cousin May could know of it and that I might know how she regarded it. I began to write her about it, but my pen simply wouldn't work. Somehow I can't blow my own trumpet. Suddenly it occurred to me that you'd gone through all that I had—the sense of danger, the loneliness, the expectation of running into a camp of Johnnies or at least of being fired upon at short range. So I wrote up your ride just as I knew you felt while making it, and I didn't leave out a single heart quake."

"You infernal, blessed hypocrite! Did you make me deliver the dispatch? I never imagined you could lie, even for the sake of telling a good story. I—"

"I didn't lie. I said that despite the scares the dispatches finally reached their destination. And, oh, Jack, the letter she's written in reply! I'm taking all the praise to myself, every bit of it, but you may read it."

"Read it? I'll send back a denial by the first mail, and if ever again you trust a big hearted, excitable girl with any story that you don't want known by the whole world I'll dump you into a lunatic asylum for your own protection and for mine. Can't you see what an awful position you've put me in? I shall never dare face the boys again unless you explain to all of them, and, of course, you can't do that. I almost wish I could be shot or made a prisoner. Besides—"

"Hear the news, boys?" asked Cloyne, stopping a moment in front of our tent. "Hamilton has been promoted—a big jump, too, for he's made first lieutenant."

"It's an insult to the army!" exclaimed Brainard. "Hamilton's a—No, I won't say what I was going to, but he always dodges fighting."

"Yes, so our captain told the colonel, or so they say, but the colonel replied:

"There's something to that," said Brainard, "and I'm glad Hamilton's found his proper place. That isn't all. I'll go at once and congratulate him on it."

"Don't!" said Cloyne, putting an arm about Brainard and looking down into the little chap's face with sad, tender, pitying eyes.

"Why not?"

"Because—oh, hang the mysteries of this tormenting world—because he's got a ten day leave of absence. He'll be a fool if he doesn't go to New York, get into an officer's uniform, then hurry out to Summerton, call on—oh, the girls—and—"

Brainard twitched himself from Cloyne's arm, looked up to heaven and shook his fist savagely at the great white throne. Then he dashed into our tent and dropped on his knees.



"Git on yer horse," quickly tied the tent strings on the outside, an intimation that no one was at home, and hurried to Cloyne's tent. Cloyne exclaimed:

"Poor Brainard!"

"You knew—about her—and them?" said I.

"Haven't I eyes?" he replied.

"Yes," I answered, for I saw that his eyes were wet. "But give me paper and pen and ink and envelope—quick—and I'll try a flanking movement."

I wrote my cousin May a long letter, telling her of Hamilton's luck and also of its cause and intimating that should Hamilton's father ever lose his money Phil would be abundantly qualified to become head cook in a restaurant. This might have been an insult to the personnel of the army's entire commissary force, which contained thousands of superb fighters, though none of them was expected to fight, but I knew May wouldn't construe it in that way. Then I told of Brainard's successful dispatch carrying, which he had pretended was done by me, and of his work in the fight at the bridge and how many compliments he had received for it. I continued with a description of Brainard in his bunk after the fight looking with tearful eyes alternately at her picture and in his mirror at his bullet furrowed cheek, and I concluded by saying that the scar that remained was more coveted by all of us as an honorable decoration than if it had been a major general's shoulder straps. To be sure that the letter would reach its destination as soon as possible I rode with it to the general postoffice at post headquarters in the fort, a mile away.

I had scarcely reached the fort when a sound somewhat resembling the rumble of a distant railway train caused me to look over my shoulder, and I saw half a mile behind me the entire regiment approaching at the gallop. "I see here a divided duty," I quoted to myself from "Othello," but I did not hesitate. Whatever the danger to the post and the nation, both had hundreds of champions in the regiment; Brainard had but one, so I rode into the fort and did not leave until I had found the postmaster and placed my letter in his hands.

When I emerged, the regiment had passed the fort and was disappearing in the village. To return to camp for my saber, carbine and pistol would leave me 10 or 15 minutes behind my comrades, and "a stern chase is a long one." I had no weapon with me but the sheathknife I always carried in my boot, for it was a tool of all work—hatchet, carving knife, root digger and half a dozen other things. It would at least serve for self defense in a hand to hand fight, and fights of this character were almost unknown to us, thanks to the enemy's objection to getting within close reach of us. At the worst I would have the honor and pleasure of being "present for duty" should the affair prove serious.

My horse was as good as the best, so I soon passed through the village and galloped along the Richmond road, for the hoof prints in the dust showed that the regiment had taken that route.

Unarmed though I was, my sense of exhilaration was intense. Over this same road had passed in other days the patriot soldiers of two wars, even great Washington himself. I—my regiment—was no longer at an out of the way outpost that had been held a year only to be told that it was not worth holding. We were now really in the enemy's country and with a possibility of seeing service of sufficient importance to be mentioned in the newspapers.

In fact, my head got so far into the clouds that I neglected to keep my eyes on the road, which is the worst blunder of which a trooper can be guilty. When I did chance to glance down-

ward, it was to discover that only a few horsemen had preceded me. It did not take me long to learn that the rest did not belong to the enemy, for on the moist ground beside a small stream that crossed the road I saw the points of horsehooves and their nail heads. The enemy's troop horses were washed, as a rule. I rode some minutes longer and was suddenly stopped by a familiar voice shouting:

"Come in here, ye little devil!"

'Twas the voice of Sergeant Mick McTwydy, who had been detached, with his platoon, to "watch" a portion of a crossroad far to the right of the old postroad. His platoon of 16 men consisted principally on this occasion of his own gang. "Birds of a feather flock together." But Brainard was also in it.

"Somebody lend me a revolver merely as a matter of form," said I, "in case anything may happen. I was in the fort when the regiment came out. I hadn't time to go back to camp for my things, so I just came along on general principles."

"That's the thing!" said Sergeant Mick, with a tigerish grin that was meant for an approving smile.

The platoon seemed to me to be in great luck. It was a hot day; the men were dismounted and resting at ease, their sabers strapped to the saddles, in the shade on the edge of a forest in front of which was an abandoned, bare plantation at least half a mile square. A gentle breeze from the northwest blew refreshingly. The line between the open ground and the forest was marked by a rail fence; how this had escaped the campfires of the hundreds of thousands of northern and southern soldiers who had tramped the Peninsula was a mystery to me, except that it seemed a great way from the Richmond road, which had been the bone of contention.

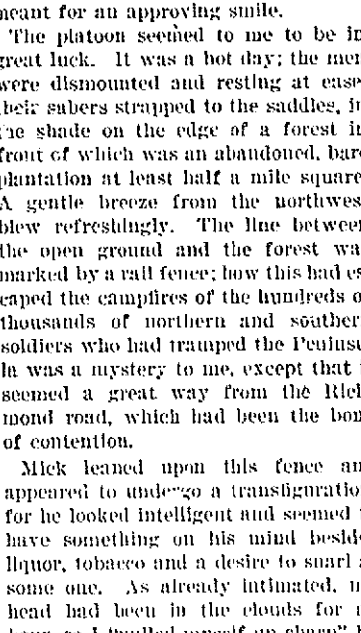
Mick leaned upon this fence and appeared to undergo a transfiguration, for he looked intelligent and seemed to have something on his mind besides liquor, tobacco and a desire to snarl at some one. As already intimated, my head had been in the clouds for an hour, so I "pulled myself up sharp" by reminding myself that Mick, though a sergeant and therefore my superior officer, was merely a Summerton "rough," with all that the name implied. Besides, I still was without "shooting irons." I looked about me at the men lying at ease beside the fence, their horses being tied to trees near them. I started to ask Brainard for carbine or revolver; it mattered not which, when Mick shouted:

"Coppin! Frost, take me carbine an' lift into yer pockets the cartridges from me box an' fack some av me percussion caps. Oi think Oi'll be afther doin' most av me fightin' wid me eye an' wits." Then he looked about the men on the ground, approached a small man who owned a big horse, kicked him gently and said:

"Git on yer horse an' go like a milk-ma—that's been on a drunk an' woke up two hours late. Point the rigimint an' tell the colonel that the whole rigimint army is a-comin' across the field be-yant."

All the men on the ground jumped to their feet as the messenger proceeded to obey orders, and they saw almost half a mile away a gray line that might have been mistaken for the shimmering "heat band" that lies near the surface of any flat, open, dry ground on a very hot day had not the line been flecked with spots of color and topped at regular intervals by spots that resolved themselves, through troopers' eyes, into mounted men. 'Twas not as Mick had said, the whole rebel army, but it was at least a regiment, probably a brigade, advancing slowly in line of battle formation, the mounted officers in the rear. We were but a quarter of a company. And our regiment was—where? And we were so far from Summerton or any part of the north!

(To be Continued.)



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Why He Didn't Call.
You don't call on Miss Cutting any more, I hear, Blobber?"

"No."

"Did she reject you?"

"Not exactly, but when I first began calling there was a mat at the door with the word 'Welcome' woven in it, and a motto on the wall that read 'Let Us Love One Another.' Later I noticed that the doormat was changed for one that said 'Wipe Your Feet,' and a motto declaring that 'Early to Bed and Early to Rise Make a Man Healthy, Wealthy and Wise' had the place of the other."

Qualified Praise.
Nate Salsbury and Bill Nye were great friends. When the humorist first engaged in newspaper work in New York city and took a house on Staten Island, the showman went to dinner with him. Nye exploded some new stories, and Salsbury, turning to his host's little girl, said:

"Very clever papa you're got, my dear."

"Yes," responded the demure little miss, "when there's company."

Impertinence.
Mr. Rodgers—Why have you sent Maria, the servant girl, away so suddenly? You told me yesterday that she was the best girl you ever had.

Mrs. Rodgers—She's an impertinent hussy. I wanted to borrow her goshaws, and she said she was afraid I couldn't get them on!

Pimples, faded complexion, chapped skin, red, rough hands, eczema, tetter, bad blood, cured in a short time, with Rocky Mountain Tea, the great complexion restorer. Johnson Hill & Co.

Here's a Quick Fix.
Each one of us has at some time eaten too much, but we have surely not gone to such an excess as this fish has. It is called the "black swallower" and as a swallower takes first place, for its stomach is much larger than its body. It will seize by the tail a fish eight or ten times its own size and work its way over it by repeatedly sliding forward one jaw and then the other. Before taking a meal the swallower is a very respectable looking fish, except for a voracious cast of countenance, but afterward he certainly has the appearance of having eaten too much. Then the walls of his stomach are so stretched as to be transparent. Later digestion begins and the swallower is turned belly upward by the imprisoned gas and his stomach becomes a balloon, which lifts him from the depths of the ocean to the surface, and in this helpless condition he is thrown about by the waves, perhaps cast ashore and left high and dry by the receding tide, in which case he does not swallow any more, for the returning tide finds him a dead fish.

The Constitution in Practice.
The theory of the constitution is that the three departments of the government—the legislative, the executive and the judiciary—are independent of one another. In practice the government is not carried on in harmony with this theory. The system of checks and balances does not operate as its inventors intended. The president was to have had the power of selecting his subordinates; the senate, through the exercise of the power of confirmation, was to prevent the appointment of unworthy men, especially of men who might combine with the president to usurp power. In practice most of the president's subordinates are forced upon him. He usually selects after consultation with a senator, who stands for the whole senate, for he has its power behind him through a custom which has grown to be a rule of conduct, known as the "courtesy of the senate."—Century.

Fruit Seeds and Appendicitis.
"Many very intelligent people are deterred from swallowing the seeds of berries, grapes and other fruits lest the lodgment of these small bits of indigestibility may induce that dreadful accident, appendicitis," says the Dietetic Gazette.

"This fear is utterly baseless since the healthy appendix is protected by a valvular arrangement which prevents even the smallest seeds from entering it. It is only after inflammation has already destroyed its normal protection that any foreign substance can gain access to it."

"To feel compelled to eschew all seedly berries and fruits is to seriously curtail one's dietary, and it is entirely unnecessary. In fact, the free and constant use of ripe berries and fruits of all kinds is one of the best preventives of this dangerous disease."

Could Not Stand It.
A life of the poet James Gates Percival contains some personal incidents that show the character of the man. Among them is this:

When he was made state geologist of Wisconsin, a young man was appointed to assist him. One day the geologist entered the governor's office in a state of excitement. "I cannot stand it. Indeed I cannot! I cannot work with him any longer!" he declared with some agitation, referring to his assistant.

"What's the trouble?"

"The whistles and he throws stones at birds," was the indignant rejoinder. Thereafter he pursued his geological labors unassisted.

Had Good Reason to Worry.
They are telling this story of the pastor of a metropolitan church who has made a study of palmistry and kindred subjects:

A woman came to him and begged that he read her hand. She was a spinster, and an interesting network of lines had spread over her palm with the years. The minister decided to give her a bit of advice.

"You should never think of marriage," he said.

"I don't," replied the spinster promptly; "I worry about it."—New York Tribune.

Curiosities of Etymology.
It is extraordinary how words for the same thing differ in even so small a country as England. Take "left handed," for example. In Gloucestershire such a person is described as "scrammy" in Staffordshire he becomes "craggy," the phrase for a left handed Yorkshireman is "gawkwoder" or "callick handed," and in the next county, Durham, he is "cuddy paw."—London Telegraph.

Found a Difference.
The Irrepressible Child—Ma, is there any difference between level and flat? His Mother—No, dear.

The L. C.—Then why did pa get an angry when Mr. Jones said he was a flat-head and then feel good when he heard that Mr. Smith said he was level headed?—Columbia Jester.

A Request.
Miss—Didn't you hear me ring before? Maid—I kind of thought I did ma'am, but I wasn't sure.

Miss—Well, next time, please, give me the benefit of the doubt.—Puck.

Desperately Ill.
Mrs. Parke—Your husband has been very ill, hasn't he?

Mrs. Lane—I never saw him so ill. Why, for two weeks he never spoke a cross word to me.

When a boy is lonesome, it helps a good deal if you feed him.—Atchison Globe.

Those troubles are always the results of indigestion and often appear before you feel anything wrong with the stomach. When your complexion is sallow, breath offensive, appetite fickle and tongue coated, it is a sure sign of indigestion and inactive liver. There is an easy and certain way of eradicating these troubles quickly, buy a bottle of Rego Tonic Laxative Syrup and within 24 hours you will feel like a new person.—Sold by Sam Church druggist.

Mr. Wheeler Rid of Rheumatism.
"During the winter of 1898 I was so lame in my joints, in fact all over my body, that I could hardly hobble around, when I bought a bottle Chamberlain's Pain Balm. From the first application I began to get well, and was cured and have worked steadily all the year.—R. Wheeler, Northwood, N. Y. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

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Border Justice In the Old Days

... An Episode In the Early History of Kansas ...

FEW of the thousands who have visited "Buffalo Bill's" Wild West show were aware of the role of romance that surrounded the old coach which was daily on exhibition in the arena and that the mimic show in which the battered old vehicle figured represented one of the many thrilling incidents in its earlier life, when it ran on the Black Hills route between Deadwood and Cheyenne.

The first shipment of gold dust from Deadwood was made by the old coach in 1876. As the surrounding country was filled with hostile Sioux Indians, who after the Custer massacre of the previous June had split into small bands, and with white desperadoes, who were even more bloodthirsty than the red men, the shipment of gold became a matter of grave importance.

The first shipment was made by the Wheeler brothers. They decided to employ a guard to convoy themselves and their gold out of the Black Hills. The guards were selected from old and tried mountaineers and frontiersmen, who were paid \$25 a day for their services and accompanied the gold until the railroad was reached.

Thus the now famous Deadwood coach made its first trip and made it in safety. The coach was afterward frequently attacked and robbed by the "road agents" or Indians after fierce fights with the guards. One day not many weeks after the coach had been started it left Cheyenne in charge of a famous driver, known as "California Charlie." A constant lookout was kept for Indians. Custer City was reached in safety, and on the return trip everything went well until the stagecoach reached a dry creek bed a few miles out of Custer.

Here, without the slightest warning, a band of Indians in full war paint sprang from ambush and commenced

bankers would probably have large sums of money with them, decided to stop the coach and rob the men.

Shortly before the appointed time the desperadoes left Deadwood and proceeded to a point about three miles south of the town, near the present location of the town of Pluma. The driver of the incoming Deadwood coach was a man named Johnnie Slaughter, who was universally beloved and respected by those who knew him.

Upon the arrival of the coach at the rendezvous of the desperadoes they made their appearance and ordered Slaughter to stop. The driver apparently did not understand the order to halt and paid no attention to it. One of the "road agents" immediately opened fire on him with a shotgun, shooting him through the heart and killing him instantly. A passenger who was seated beside the driver was also wounded by some of the buckshot. The horses became frightened by the shooting and started on a wild run for Deadwood, but the coach was riddled with bullets before it got beyond range of the "road agents' firearms. The battled outlaws got nothing for their pains, as they did not dare to pursue the vehicle into Deadwood.

The Deadwood coach was "held up" and robbed so frequently that finally as a last resort it was covered with sheet iron to keep out the bullets. The coach then went over the route once a week, five picked men, all heavily armed, under the charge of Scott Davis, chief messenger, acting as an escort on these perilous trips.

The armored Deadwood coach made several trips without an attempt being made to "hold up" and rob it. But it was simply the calm before the storm, which resulted in a typical "hold up."

One day in 1878 the coach drove up as usual to the stage station at Cold Springs to change horses. Everything

its Great Snake Forest and the Game With Which It Abounds.

Mississippi river shooting is varied with trips to the snake lands, which begin near Hickman, Ky., and extend south several hundred miles on both sides of the river. This territory was covered with a dense forest of large trees before the land was submerged by the earthquake of 1811. On the Tennessee side Reelfoot lake, eighty miles long, was formed. Reelfoot lake is only three miles from the river at Upper Slough Landing and the same distance at Tiptonville, Tenn. The dense forest is still standing. The flubs and bark have rotted and dropped off years ago, leaving the bleached trunks standing like marble columns in water sixty feet deep, so close together that it is difficult to move a skiff among them. Some have rotted off at the water level, and others are hollow, making good blinds. The flight of wild fowl on Reelfoot lake is beyond the comprehension of the average sportsman. There are ducks, geese, cormorants, called water turkeys; cranes, water hens and snipe. They all keep up a chatter which makes the sunken forest ring. From the tops of the trees eagles, hawks and owls contribute piercing screeches to the continuous din.—Outing.

Apprenticed For Life.

"Have you ever encountered the child who in the matter of smart sayings and straight truths is an absolute terror to all with whom he may chance to come into contact?" said an anxious parent recently. "Because if not I should like to introduce you to that boy of mine."

"What has your boy done, then?" inquired his friend.

"What has he done?" said the parent. "Why, he's always at it. Only this morning he came to me and asked what it meant to be apprenticed. I told him that it meant the binding of one person to another by agreement and that one person so bound had to teach the other all he could of his trade or profession, while the other had to watch and learn how things were done and had to make himself useful in every way possible."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, after a few moments the young rascal edged up to me and said: 'Then I suppose you're apprenticed to me, ain't you, dad?'"

The Bagdad Button.

A man recently returned from Turkey in Asia was showing some souvenirs of his trip. "There's one thing I didn't bring back with me, and that's a Bagdad button," he said. "I'm just as well satisfied that I didn't too. A Bagdad button? Well, I'll tell you about it. Every person who goes to Bagdad and stays there for six months is afflicted with a peculiar boll that leaves a scar about the size of a half dollar. It may come on the face or on some part of the body, but it is bound to come if you stay there long enough. I didn't. I got out just as soon as I could. Children who are born in Bagdad always come into the world with this mark, which is known as the Bagdad button."—Philadelphia Record.

Mortifying Advice.

A federal officeholder tells of campaigning in Kentucky with another stump speaker. The latter thought to make a good impression in the famous distillery town of Owensboro, and in his speech there sounded the praises of whisky. "Why, gentlemen," said he, "I have noticed in my reading of history and biography that all great men drank liquor. I tell you, whisky makes men smart."

"What's that?" said an old farmer who was a noted teetotaler.

"Whisky makes men smart," reiterated the orator, "and I challenge denial."

"Then," said the farmer, "you'd better get a couple of barrels and begin on it at once."

Early Marriage In China.

It is nothing rare in China for boys twelve to fourteen years old to marry. The physical, moral and intellectual development of the contracting parties has nothing to do with the matter. Other considerations entirely regulate the affair. An old Chinese aphorism says that the great business of life is ended when the sons and daughters are married. The Chinese parents do not care to run the danger of postponing the marriage of their children, especially of their sons, until after their own death.

Didn't Seem Funny.

Little Johnny—That young man who comes to see you must be pretty poor company. He hasn't any sense of humor.

Sister—Why do you think so?

Little Johnny—I told him all about the funny way you rub about and bang doors when you get in a temper, and he didn't laugh a bit.

An Empty Assurance.

"He says he'll share his last dollar with me."

"Yes," said the man who looks at things coldly, "but he is a man who will take precious good care never to get down to his last dollar."—Washington Star.

The Real Article.

Sillicus—Everybody says he is a genius.

Cyalcus—Then I guess he might be. It takes genius to convince other people that you are one.—Philadelphia Record.

Horses are like eggs. It is impossible to tell what's in them until they are broken.

Dishonesty is a forsaking of permanent for temporary advantage.—Rome.



THE INDIANS CHARGED, YELLING MADLY.

pouring in a heavy fire on the coach. "California Charlie" piled his whip vigorously and lashed his horses into a gallop. There was a wild run for a few miles, with the Sioux in hot pursuit, whooping and firing at the intrepid driver. Suddenly Charlie dropped off his seat and fell into the boot of the coach dead, a stray bullet having gone through his head. The frightened horses came to a standstill.

The triumphant Indians now came up from behind the coach, yelling madly, and the coach was surrounded. Most of the passengers were paralyzed with fright and sat like blocks of stone. Others with more courage attempted to shoot at the dodging Indians. It seemed to be the delight of the redskins to tease their prisoners. They would ride up near the coach and fire directly at the passengers, care being taken, seemingly, that the bullets only penetrated a coat sleeve, hat or seat cushion.

Finally two of the Indians dismounted from their ponies and, going up to the horses on the coach, cut them loose and with a wild yell drove away the frightened animals, still with their harness on. That was the last seen of the poor horses. The passengers were compelled to walk back to Custer, while the redskins ransacked the coach.

In the year 1877 two parties, one from Cheyenne and the other from Denver, started for Deadwood with the intention of establishing banks. Information of their plans having become public the expeditions resulted, as might have been expected, in another "hold up." A party of outlaws, aided by a noted desperado called Joel Collins, thinking that the prospective

about the place bore its accustomed aspect. The horses were halted, the driver threw his reins to the ground, and those on the coach were preparing to dismount and enter the station when suddenly from the door of the adjacent stable the report of firearms rang out, and a deadly hail of bullets hurtled about the coach.

Campbell, a telegraph operator who was riding on the coach, was killed by the volley. Gale Hill, one of the escort, was also hit and badly wounded. Scott Davis, the chief messenger, took in the situation at a glance and jumped to the ground at the opposite side of the coach from the robbers. He succeeded in reaching some heavy timber near at hand and when under cover opened fire on the five men who had held up the coach, wounding one of them before they finally drove him out of range.

The four uninjured robbers then compelled the driver to break open the treasure box, which contained \$45,000. When they had secured the money the outlaws bound the driver to a wheel of the coach, mounted their horses and rode away, leaving their wounded comrade where he had fallen.

The officers of the law speedily got on their trail and followed it until nearly all of the robbers were captured and most of the treasure recovered. So persistent were the officers that one of the outlaws was chased to Iowa before he was finally captured. The vigorous measures of the officers furnished an example which had a salutary effect on the "road agents," and no further attempt was ever made to hold up a coach on that route.

REELFOOT LAKE.

Mississippi river shooting is varied with trips to the snake lands, which begin near Hickman, Ky., and extend south several hundred miles on both sides of the river. This territory was covered with a dense forest of large trees before the land was submerged by the earthquake of 1811. On the Tennessee side Reelfoot lake, eighty miles long, was formed. Reelfoot lake is only three miles from the river at Upper Slough Landing and the same distance at Tiptonville, Tenn. The dense forest is still standing. The flubs and bark have rotted and dropped off years ago, leaving the bleached trunks standing like marble columns in water sixty feet deep, so close together that it is difficult to move a skiff among them. Some have rotted off at the water level, and others are hollow, making good blinds. The flight of wild fowl on Reelfoot lake is beyond the comprehension of the average sportsman. There are ducks, geese, cormorants, called water turkeys; cranes, water hens and snipe. They all keep up a chatter which makes the sunken forest ring. From the tops of the trees eagles, hawks and owls contribute piercing screeches to the continuous din.—Outing.

A SPAT BATTLES WITH SNOW

"Singular," he said musingly, "that I have never seen this feature of your character displayed before."

He had never before seen me angry. I knew what he meant and knew that I was on dangerous ground, but this did not deter me.

"My character doesn't seem to suit you," I said haughtily.

"Not as it at present appears."

"Very well. Since I don't suit you there is your ring."

I took off my engagement ring and intended to toss it indifferently on the table, but irritation put more power into my arm than was necessary. The ring ricocheted (that's what he always calls a bound) and, falling on the floor, rolled down stairs where.

"As you will," he said coldly, "but I don't care to have the ring. It is indissolubly connected in my mind with you and could only have a sad influence."

"I can see nothing sad in being reminded of one who didn't suit you."

"It would remind me of one as I have always seen her except on this occasion—one I have dearly loved."

"It's a pity you made such a mistake, but fortunate that you found me out in time."

"I certainly would not relish a recurrence of such scenes as this."

"They would occur daily should you ill treat me as you have just done."

"If you can convince me of one act of ill treatment I will apologize on my knees."

That's just like a man. He must always be getting at the bottom of things. Instead of coming to me, putting his arms about me and telling me how sorry he was, he must go back to the beginning and prove by what he calls logic that I am all in the wrong. I shall consent to no such thing.

"It isn't necessary," I said, "especially since I have come to the conclusion that you wouldn't suit me any better than I would suit you."

I looked at him to see if my shot struck home, but he was so imperturbable that if he had any feelings he concealed them perfectly. This turned the shot into a boomerang. It made me angrier than ever. I should have waited for his reply, but I didn't. I added two words which at the time seemed very forcible, but which now seem ridiculous:

"There, now!"

I turned my back as I spoke so I couldn't see his face. This was a mistake. It gave him a great advantage, for it was impossible for me to judge of the real intent of his words.

"Will you kindly give me the meaning of that expression?" he said.

If his tone had not been so cutting, I would have supposed he was chaffing me. I sat down on the corner of the sofa, with my back still toward him, and did not deign a reply.

"What would become of a husband," he asked, "who upon presenting to his wife some proposition of vital importance to both should receive a reply rounded off by those two words? What a conclusion to an argument?"

I neither knew nor cared anything about his arguments. How would logic help us to get together again? I knew a trick worth two of that. I bent my head down on the back of the sofa, moving to such a position that he could see my waist, the waist he had so loved to encircle. He couldn't see my face and didn't know whether I was crying or not. I didn't intend he should.

"However," he said presently, "you have settled the matter by a return of my ring—that is, you flung it on the table and it rolled in under that bric-a-brac cabinet in the corner. Please keep it as a memento of my—"

"Former affection."

I should have said it mournfully, but I couldn't. I was still very angry, the more so that he wouldn't give me a chance to make it all up. I spoke vindictively.

"Never mind that. Do you accept the ring?"

"Does a gentleman offer a lady a ring that is lost without finding it for her?"

This must have been an argument that his stupidity could comprehend, for it silenced him for a few moments.

"Had you handed me the ring in a ladylike manner I would have found it for you. However, I am willing to do my part in its recovery, but you know that I am nearsighted and haven't my glasses with me."

I didn't believe a word about the glasses. "I don't want the ring," I said. "I'll find it for you, and you can give it to some other girl."

I got down on my knees in the corner, and he got down on his knees beside me. I soon saw the ring, and he must have seen it at the same time, despite his nearsightedness, for we both reached for it at the same time, and his hand fell on mine.

I waited for him to take it away, but he didn't. I looked up at him. His face was beaming, and his eyes fairly danced.

I turned away from him, but remembered that my waist was where he could conveniently encircle it. He did so, while with the other hand he slipped the ring on my finger. Both his hands being occupied, he did the rest with his lips.

"I warn you," I said, "that you are again becoming entangled with a girl who doesn't suit you. You could never consult with her. Think what will become of you."

"Sweetheart," he replied, "you suit me so well that I intend to bear with you when you don't suit me. So, there!" CHARLOTTE ATWOOD.

HARD FIGHTING FOR RAILROAD MEN IN THE ROCKIES.

Rotary Snowplows and the Men Who Run Them—Buckling Through the Monster Drifts That Pack the Mountain Passes.

Every western railroad is equipped with a large force of snow fighters. Rotary snowplows and men who know how to run them can cut their way through drifts that in the early days of western railroading would have resulted in complete blockades. The rotary snowplow is one of the marvels of the railroad of today, and it is a liberal education in the art of snow fighting to see one of them eating its way through a white drift that threatens to cut off communication between the east and the west. There are several passes in the Rocky mountains which for six months in the year or more form a constant menace to train crews. These passes are situated at the top of the Great Divide, where the elements have full sway. Boreas pass, in Colorado, is a fair example. The snow begins falling at Boreas late in August or early in September, and it does not cease until well into May and sometimes June. There will be intermittent snowstorms in the midsummer months, but these are trifling affairs and are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the tremendous snowfalls of January and February. Few men make their homes at Boreas. It is nothing for them to get up in the morning and find themselves completely buried in snow. The one store is usually at the end of a tunnel cut through an immense snowdrift. The population of Boreas during these snowy months consists, for the most part, of the railroad men who are engaged in the strenuous work of fighting constantly changing drifts. Snow at Boreas does not fall; it rages. It is blown about in swirls and eddies and is forever forming new drifts as treacherously as a river that is constantly shifting the sand banks of its month. These drifts are not little affairs that will barely cover a "stake and rider" fence. They are piled ten, twenty and thirty feet high, and they spring up in a night.

To the "tenderfoot" it would seem impossible to plow a way through these drifts at Boreas, but when a huge rotary snowplow comes whirling up the track with three or four engines pushing vigorously behind it the "tenderfoot" reserves his decision. He is still inclined to favor the snowdrift, but he prefers to await developments before committing himself. With a rush and a plunge the big rotary is hurled into the white mass of snow. Black smoke pours from the engines, and the huge blades of the snowplow eat relentlessly into the drift. The snow shoots out of the orifice at the side of the plow, forming a huge, white semicircle constantly moving forward. One can keep track of the progress of the plow by following the advancement of this rainbow of snow. Foot by foot the rotary eats its way forward, and finally it and the engines are buried in a huge trench of white. Only the stacks of the engines can be seen, belching their blackness on the virgin garb about them. But the great white semicircle never fails to go forward until finally the "tenderfoot" knows that the drift is being conquered. When the regular overland limited comes along a few hours later, the passengers do not know of the battle that has just been fought. They travel through a canyon of snow as they pass Boreas, but they have no idea of the tremendous force required to cut this white path over the ridge of the continent; so they go on, all unconscious in their Pullmans, while the railroad men at the next siding ahead oil the rotary and gird up their loins for the next battle, which they know Boreas will be prepared to give them in a few hours.

The experiences at Boreas pass during a hard winter are duplicated at many other railroad passes in the Rocky mountains, to say nothing of great stretches at lower altitudes which have always been the favored haunts of snowdrifts and which have always given railroad men great trouble. It is the unexpected element at these points that brings a serious aspect to the situation. At the passes over the Great Divide railroad men are prepared for trouble, and consequently serious blockades are few, but when word comes that a train has failed to fight its way through the drifts 100 or perhaps 200 miles from the nearest available rotary plow there is consternation. To get a rotary plow to the blocked train takes time, and in the meantime the drifts are accumulating on the unused road, and each hour brings new menaces to railroad men and passengers alike.

Sometimes even the rotary plow has been known to be caught in a snow blockade. One instance occurred in Wyoming. An engineer who had a rotary plow on ahead and who was making good progress during a fierce snowstorm was compelled to run back a few miles for water. Instead of taking the rotary with him he uncoupled and ran his engine back, and in the meantime the snow gathered so fast over the tracks that he was unable to fight his way back to the plow. Such instances are rare, however, and are only owing to the oversight of some trainman, for a rotary snowplow with sufficient power behind it can eat its way through almost anything in the shape of drifts.

—New York Tribune.

How She Felt.

Mrs. Black—Sam Johnson done left his wife 'bout six month's ago.

Mr. Black—Do she tink he am nebbab comin' back?

"Waal, she jest beginnin' to bab hopes."—Smart Set.

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The Woman's Fault.

Professor J. C. Monaghan, who lectured in this city a few weeks ago on Pope Leo, is responsible for the statement that poor cooking is the cause of much of the drunkenness in this world. He makes the statement in the Sentinel this morning that if all the women were taught to cook properly that the rum problem would be solved.

We have often wondered why the average man, sometime during his life, evinced a desire to imbibe more or less from the flowing bowl, being told that the love of spirituous liquor was an acquired taste. Some men only take a drink occasionally, while others take one about twice as often; some use liquor purely for medicinal purposes, while there are others who do not use it at all, but some of the latter keep a case of the stuff in the cellar, which, in spite of the fact that nobody in the family ever touches it, has to be replenished with clocklike regularity.

But the poor men are not to blame. Prof. Monaghan has solved the problem. It is the woman who causes all the trouble. Eve started the ball rolling by partaking of the forbidden fruit, and her descendants have kept things a moving along that line.

Woman, woman, you are responsible for many of our sorrows, but who would have thought that you were also the guilty party in the great rum problem. The professor has found you out, after four thousand years of inquiry. Murder will out, and it remained for the twentieth century genius to discover this one.

We opine, however, that the professor is a married man; that he came home one day to supper, and instead of an inviting spread he discovered that his wife was attending a meeting, a social session of the W. C. T. U., and in a spirit of exasperation he touched up the brandy bottle that his wife keeps in the cupboard to flavor the pudding sauce with, and then went down to a meeting of the Woman's club and told them all about it.

We may be mistaken in the above, but every man has a right to his own opinion.

High School Notes.

The following program was rendered for rhetorical last Friday afternoon:

Recitation.....Julia Dunas
Essay.....May Karnuch
Talk.....Lynn Boone
Debate—Resolved, That the government should own and operate the coal mines and coal-carrying railroads.

Affirmative.....Negative
Will Telfer.....Holand Almgart opd
Will Millstein.....Earl Brennan

Book Review.....Rosa Wipparman
The jury, Miss Brahany, Ruth Emmons and Earl Wood, decided two to one in favor of the negative.

The following exercises were given Tuesday morning:

Talk.....Arthur Johnson
Declaration.....Katie Lake
Biography.....Anna Erickson

Last week the Seniors held a class meeting on Wednesday and also on Thursday afternoon. Preparation is being made for the commencement work.

Examinations will begin Wednesday morning at 8:30, and all papers must be handed in by 12 o'clock.

Misses Mollie Stahl and Genevieve Carden were visitors at the high school on Monday.

Mr. Dopp is in charge of the Physics class during the absence of Mr. Youker.

Cleave Akey was a visitor on Monday afternoon.

West Side.

The program given last Friday was as follows:

Music.....High School Orchestra
Essay.....Blanche Mickleson
Recitation.....Mildred Dickson
Piano Solo.....Selma Chase
Debate—Resolved, That immigration is detrimental to the United States.

Affirmative.....Negative
Flossie Hansen.....Lonie Swain
Leta Bender.....Chas. Nash

Music.....High School Orchestra
News Topics.....Burl Chase
Reading.....Eva Helsler
Music.....High School Orchestra

The judges decided in favor of the negative.

The seventh grade, accompanied by their teacher, Miss Upham, and the sixth grade, accompanied by Mr. Webb, visited our exercises last Friday.

There will be three final examinations this week. Geometry, Ancient History and Physical Geography.

Our high school orchestra took part in the Howe eighth grade entertainment last Saturday evening.

The freshman class start the study of Physiology in the place of Physical Geography next Monday.

Mrs. F. Dudley, Miss A. Bandelin and Mrs. Peizold were visitors to our program last Friday.

Mrs. C. E. Kruger and Mrs. E. Oberbeck were among our visitors last Friday afternoon.

The geometry class has been having a thorough review for their final examination.

The attendance at school has been very good during the past week.

Fern Chandos has been absent from school on account of sickness.

Chas. Whittlesey visited our school Friday afternoon.

Clève Akey visited our school last Monday forenoon.

This is examination week.

—Pillsbury's Best Flour, containing a large percentage of gluten and phosphates, is best for growing children as it nourishes both body and brain. Always make bread for your family with it.

WRITES FROM SWITZERLAND.

Andrew Bissig Tells of His Visit to His Old Home

Altendorf, Switzerland, Feb. 4th, 1903. Gentlemen:— Nearly three months have elapsed since I left Grand Rapids for Altendorf, Switzerland, my former home, and I will now take the opportunity to write a few lines to you that you may know, at least, that I am still alive.

My voyage here was not a very pleasant one, as it was foggy and rainy most of the time crossing the Atlantic. We had some very rough weather and severe storms, but none of the passengers were frightened, as all of them had been at sea before and knew what to expect at this time of the year. The Philadelphia on which I crossed is a large and staunch vessel and well able to face any kind of weather. The accommodations on board were very good and the sailors were very friendly and made it as pleasant for the passengers as they knew how.

Upon arriving at Southampton, England, all those passengers going further east had to change to another boat which took them across the channel to Havre, France. Arriving there I took the first train for Paris and reached the city on Thanksgiving day. I remained there all day and put in the time in looking over the city, and although I was not at home and could not talk the language of the country, I enjoyed my visit very much. The city of Paris is certainly full of wonderful sights and a stranger in the city can find many interesting things to attract his attention. The people are very accommodating, active and interesting.

Leaving Paris and passing thru France I paid particular attention to the farms and farmers. Everything there looks queer to a person who is not used to the country. The farmers have a way of hitching their horses in a line, one ahead of the other when they plow or do other team work, but in harrowing they hitch their animals side by side. The land there is rolling, similar to western Wisconsin, and many beautiful villas are to be seen while passing thru France. I stopped off at the city of Belford, where one of the big battles was fought between Germany and France in 1871. The forts about the city are immensely large.

Arriving at Basle I remained over night and while there I had a chance to see the Boer general Delarey and his family. The city of Basle is located on the boundary of Switzerland and is a very lively place. Nearly all the travelers going to and from foreign countries have to pass thru it, which necessarily makes it busy there all the time.

Arriving at Altendorf, my old home, I found myself almost a total stranger. Half my old school friends had left the country and those that remained had changed so that I did not recognize them. The country, however, looked much the same as when I left. It seemed almost as familiar as when I saw it last some eighteen years before.

Altendorf is a nice little city of some three thousand souls and is surrounded by high mountains. The first ten days I spent with my relatives and friends who live at Altendorf and vicinity. They were greatly surprised to see me once more, for they did not know that I was coming, but all gave me a royal welcome and entertained me in a manner that I will never forget.

After I had visited all my relatives and friends I started on a trip thru the country and cities of Switzerland. I also went thru a part of Italy and Austria, and while I consider my time well spent it would take too much space to describe all of the cities I visited in detail. Leaving Altendorf I went first to Berne, via Lucerne, Emmenthal. Going thru Emmenthal I visited some of the cheese factories where they make the Remunthal Kase, considered the best cheese manufactured in the world.

Arriving at Berne I spent two days looking about the city. The most interesting sights there were the parliament and the monster cathedral. I expected to meet the United States consul while there, but he happened to be absent, so could not see him. The city of Berne lies high and the country is hilly, making a very picturesque place. The river Aar passes thru the center of the city half-moon like, and is spanned by several steel bridges. Leaving Berne I went to Geneva. This city is located on Lake Geneva, is very pretty and lively, and the people there call it the second Paris. Here I took a steamer and went up thru the Lake to Vevey. The scenery on both sides of the lake is grand and on the shores are located many hotels and summer resorts, thousands of foreigners spending their vacations on the shores of the lake.

At Vevey I called on Dr. and Mrs. H. Rossier and had a very pleasant visit with them. Dr. Rossier is a brother to Emil Rossier of Grand Rapids. Leaving Vevey I took the Yverr Simplon train to Brique, via Montreux, Clarens, St. Maurice, Sion and Visp. The Simplon railroad ends at Brique, but the company is building a tunnel thru Mount Simplon, which will be a little over twelve miles long. When complete this railroad will connect with the Italian railroad at Domod-Ossella. As it is now all the traffic from southern Switzerland to Italy has to go by way of Berne, Lucerne, Gethard and Milan. I remained a day at Brique and put in the time watching and inspecting the work on the tunnel. About four and one-half miles are now constructed on each side and it is expected that it will be finished in two years.

From Brique I intended to cross the mountains on the Turkish pass to Goshener, but some of the experienced ones told me that I had better not try it, for the snow was deep and the trip was an impossibility. Leaving Brique I headed for Zurich, via Lausanne, Yverdon, Newchatel, Solothurn, Olten and Aaran. The country between Lausanne and Zurich very pretty, and Zurich is the largest city in Switzerland. The people there are very friendly and pleasant. From Zurich I went to Milan, Italy, via Zuz, Artolden, Goshener, Bellinzana, Lugano, Chiasso and Como. On the way to Milan I stopped at Lugano and spent two days among the Swiss Italian people. While there I went to the top of Mount Reger, from

where one had a very nice view of the surrounding country and mountains. I could see clear over into Italy and back to Mount Gethard. Looking downward I could see all the pretty cities and villas while opposite to the mountain I was on was a very peculiar mountain. Looking at it from one side it is easy to imagine that it is a big set of teeth. The Italians call it "The Old Woman's Tooth." Another thing that attracted my attention was Mount Salvador. The mountain is not very high but it runs into a peak and there is a big hotel built thereon. A cable runs to the hotel, by the means of which the guests are enabled to get to and from the hotel. The scenery in this section is certainly grand and picturesque, but probably impresses one even more strongly who has lived in a flat country for a number of years.

At Milan I spent the day in walking about the city and found it very interesting. The cathedral, which is a wonderful building, is located in the heart of the city and all street car lines lead to it, and the people are very friendly and polite. While there I went to look over the cemetery and had chance to witness an Italian funeral, which was a very interesting sight. The cemetery there is the nicest I ever saw.

Leaving Milan I returned to Altendorf to spend Christmas with my relatives and enjoyed a pleasant time with them. I then went to Interlaken, Berner Oberland, via Lucerne, Berne and Thun. The scenery of Berner Oberland is grand. Anybody who comes here says that they never saw any nicer country. Yungfrau takes the attention of everybody coming here. A railroad is now being constructed to the top of the mountain in order that the tourist may get to the peak in an easy manner. The road is a difficult one to construct, for over half the distance is tunnel work. The route runs up like a winding stairway and along the way there are many difficulties for the engineers to surmount. I stayed two days in the mountains and had it been summer time I should have stayed a month. It is very hard to climb the mountains in the winter time, and dangerous besides. People who saw the panorama of Berner-Oberland at the world's fair in 1903 can form some idea of the scenery here.

Leaving the mountains I started for Chur, where I stayed over night. I visited the Bishops Palace, which is a most beautiful building, but the city of Chur is itself a very dead place in the winter time and very little business is done there in that season of the year. The city is surrounded on three sides by mountains, but they are not so high as the mountains in Berner-Oberland. On my way back I went to Feldkirch, Bludenz and Austria. While there the weather was bad so that I could not get about much to see the country. Leaving Bludenz I started for Shafhausen where I arrived safely, going by the way of Roetschach, St. Margarete, St. Gallen, and Winterthur. The country between Rorschach and Shafhausen is very nice, similar to southern Wisconsin. There are no mountains, only small hills, with here and there very pretty villages. Nearly all the manufacturing is done in that part of Switzerland for the reason that it is easier to build factories and transport the material where there are no high mountains.

The city of Shafhausen is very interesting, being located in the valley of the Rhine river. The river runs through the center of the city, and below are the beautiful Rhinefalls, which make a grand sight. From Shafhausen I started back for the mountains and Altendorf and intend to spend the rest of my time while I remain in Switzerland with my relatives and friends.

On my journey thru the country I have taken in all that was of any interest to me. The prosperity of Switzerland for the laboring man is not very good at present. Wages are low and provisions are high. The present market price of farm products is about as follows: Meat 12 to 18c; butter 25 to 30c; cheese 25 to 28c; potatoes 60 to 72c; eggs 28c. Flour is imported from America and sells at \$8.00 per barrel. A good deal of mess pork is imported from America also, but the Swiss people do not seem to take very kindly to it. Since I have been here I have seen many kinds of American goods, such as carpenter tools, etc. The American made carpenter tools take the lead now, as all claim that they are the best made, which makes me feel proud even tho I am not in the tool-manufacturing business.

We are not having a very cold winter here. At Altendorf there is no snow and the weather is warm, but unhealthy. Three-fourths of the people have been sick. I do not know yet when I will return home. My relatives have been coaxing me to stay during the coming summer, but I shall not remain that long. Hoping that these lines will find all my Wisconsin friends enjoying good health I will close.

ANDREW BISSIG.

HARNESS HAPPENINGS

When looking for anything in the harness line, don't forget that J. H. Landry, whose shop is near the bridge on the West side, is always ready to supply your wants. He keeps everything in the line of harnesses and horse goods and his prices are so low that once you have traded with him you will look him up again. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

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WANT COLUMN.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be published in this column at the rate of 5 cents per line; no ad taken for less than 10 cents. If you want to buy, sell or trade anything, try the want column.

TO RENT—Office on the east side, over Cohen's store. Inquire of Dr. Charles Pomainville, over Otto's Pharmacy.

MONEY TO LOAN—C. E. Boles.

BOARDS WANTED—At Mrs. James Dolan's, south of Dixon House.

MUSIC LESSONS—Miss Edith Braderell will give music lessons on piano and organ, three hours for \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed.

LOST—On Feb. 2nd near court house one (1) row, grey coat. Finder please leave same at Robard's store. Henry Friebow.

WANTED—A man of experience in the line of raising crabs, would like to take charge of a marsh. Address A. R. Krusike, Box 246, care of Ed. Lawrence.

SHORT LOCALS

Leroy Taft spent Sunday at Tomah the guest of relatives.

Garry Mason and Arthur Sickles attended the Woodman ball at Nekeosa Monday evening.

Fruits of all kinds at Barnes & Voyer's candy kitchen.

John Schnabel is in Chicago this week on business.

Geo. Lebruche spent Saturday in Wausau with friends.

Mrs. Andrew King of the west side is reported seriously ill.

Dr. O. T. Hogen made a business trip to Milwaukee the past week.

Hon. E. S. Rump of Wausau transacted legal business here Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Hyman of Wausau are visiting friends here this week.

Sheriff W. R. Chellis of Wausau transacted business here on Saturday.

The Woman's club meets next Monday evening with Mrs. H. S. Youker.

Stamp photos at Morterud studio for a short time.

The Travel Class will meet with Mrs. Mackinnon Monday afternoon at 2:30.

Attorney W. E. Wheelan went to Wausau on Tuesday night on legal business.

St. Katherine's Guild will meet with Mrs. Isaac Witter next Friday afternoon.

A. W. Bryant of Milwaukee was in the city on Friday greeting his numerous friends.

Louis Laramie of the west side has been confined to his bed with sickness the past week.

Miss Jessie Stetzer returned on Friday from Wausau where she had been to attend a party.

Garry Mason and Dick Harvey spent Sunday at Merrill visiting with friends and relatives.

Merchant Wm. Downing and Geo. Ward of Dexterville were in the city on business Saturday.

Smoke the Wineschek cigar. The best ten cent smoke on earth.

Misses May and Grace Daniels of Babcock were in the city Friday night to attend the band dance.

G. H. Bacon and E. E. Dano of Mather were in the city this week attending the drainage case.

T. A. Taylor returned on Friday from Madison where he had been for a couple of days on business.

Miss Ethel Yout is visiting friends and relatives in this city for a few days, being the guest of Mrs. Matt Daly.

Mrs. Rose McFarlin of Oshkosh met Rose McDonald has been visiting her cousin, Miss Juel Hurley for the past week.

Assemblyman F. A. Cady and Senator Herman Wiperman spent Sunday in the city with their respective families.

George Elberg of Dexterville was in the city on Monday and while here favored the Tribune office with a pleasant call.

District Attorney Fred Genrick and wife of Wausau were in the city over Saturday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Erdman.

W. A. Slingerland, T. A. Lipke, C. F. Kringer and Grant Beardsley were called to Wausau today as witnesses in a law suit.

See our window display of Otto's Toilet Cream. Ask for free booklet, and also special offer for 10 days. Otto's Pharmacy. You know the place.

Superintendent H. S. Youker has been at Cincinnati the past week attending the national convention of superintendents.

Jake Lutz returned home on Thursday from a trip to Milwaukee and Chicago, having been down to the cities on business.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary society of the Congregational church will meet at the home of Mrs. Wiperman Tuesday afternoon.

The state meeting of the E. F. U. lodge will be held in Marshfield on April 28th. It is expected that about 200 delegates will attend.

Will Lyons arrived in the city today, having been injured while at work on the railroad, and being off sick leave. He is visiting his mother, Mrs. R. W. Lyon.

E. J. Akey of Eau Claire, who is now traveling for a grocery house, was in the city yesterday calling on his customers and incidentally visiting his relatives.

Prof. E. K. Sandsten of the state university at Madison, was in the city on Tuesday as an expert witness in the drainage case which is being tried before Judge Webb.

E. Menier contemplates erecting a business block on his property near the St. Paul depot the coming summer, although the plans are not definitely settled as yet.

Miss Mollie McGloin, who is teaching in the public schools at Babcock, came up on Friday evening to attend the dance given by the band boys and to visit her numerous friends.

Pillsbury's Best Flour is approved of by the most people, as more of it is sold than any other brand. The Pillsbury Mills make more than five million pounds of flour daily.

State Senator Wiperman last week presented a petition from sixty-eight soldiers of Wood county asking that soldiers' and sailors' homes valued at \$300 and under be exempt from taxation.

Geo. W. Bishop, ex-state member of the state board of control and publisher of the New North Rhinelander, is broken in health and is now an inmate of the Riverside sanitarium at Milwaukee.

"What's the matter, old man? Been losing on wheat?" "No, not that, for got to take Rocky Mountain Tea last night. Wife said I'd be sick today." 35c Johnson Hill & Co.

H. F. Lipchow, who is a portrait artist, has rented the small building south of O. Denis saloon, and will open therein a portrait and frame studio. Mr. Lipchow is from Milwaukee and is a cousin of Martin Jackson of Seneca.

Miss Irene Styles left on Saturday for Babcock, whither she was called by the sickness of her parents, both of whom are prostrated with pneumonia.

The Modern Woodman of America elected H. C. Timm, A. W. Gitchell, H. J. Geise, Fred Bossert, W. G. Scott and N. Church as delegates to the county convention to be held at Marshfield on the first of March.

Geo. F. Kriger returned on Monday from Chicago where he had been for several days attending the automobile show. While there he secured the agency for the Rambler automobile which is a machine that sells for \$750 and is said to be one of the best made for the price.

The Woman's Club went to Nekeosa in a body on Saturday afternoon and held a meeting at the home of Mrs. J. E. Thomas. The ladies report a most pleasant afternoon and speak very highly of the manner in which they were entertained by their hosts, Mrs. Thomas.

Last week James McCarthy bought out Dominick Reiland's interest in the west side meat market and henceforth the firm name will be J. McCarthy & Co. Mr. Reiland has secured the building now occupied by Wissmer & Passer and will open a meat market therein about the 15th of March.

Matt Bloomer of Monticello was a pleasant caller at this office on Saturday. Mr. Bloomer owns the old Mike Cahill farm near Vesper which he leased last year to Fred Hessler before going to Monticello. Mr. Bloomer expects to put in about a week visiting near Vesper and attending to some business matters.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kellogg returned on Monday from Milwaukee where Mr. Kellogg had been in attendance at the meeting of the Retail Lumbermen. Mr. Kellogg, by the way, was elected president of the association, which is only another confirmation of the saying that you can't keep a good man down.

Guy T. Dutcher arrived in the city on Saturday to visit a few days with his family and other relatives and friends, leaving again on Tuesday. Mr. Dutcher is traveling salesman for a jewelry house and expects in the spring to remove his family to Indianapolis, Ind., which will enable him to spend a part of his time at home.

Through the wording of the item concerning the masked party at W. H. Carey's house last week it might be inferred that they were invited there by Mr. and Mrs. Carey. Such was not the case, however, as it was a surprise. Mr. and Mrs. Carey have such a cordial way of greeting a surprise party that it is apt to give one the impression they have been expected all winter.

Pittsville Pilot: Word in the shape of cards was received in our city Monday announcing the marriage of Mr. Oscar Offelle and Miss Barbara Sndlow at the residence of the bride's parents in Ballard, Wash., Feb. 11th. Mr. and Mrs. Offelle are now on their honeymoon trip which will extend through old Mexico, Texas and all the prominent southwestern states. They will be at home in this city after March 20th.

Rabies are quite prevalent in Portage county. During the week several cases have developed, horses, cattle and dogs being afflicted. Several animals have died and the situation is so serious that there is a "scare." An order has been made that all dogs in Stevens Point must be muzzled and the lives of all canines is being made miserable, the least sign of indisposition bringing death.

A bill has been drawn up by Judge Webb and sent to Senator Halton to change the fall term of court for Waupaca and Portage county. As proposed it will change the fall term of court in Portage county from the fourth Monday in November to the fourth Monday in October and the fall term in Waupaca county from the fourth Monday in October to the fourth Monday in November.

Joseph Cohen has had a gang of men engaged the past week in excavating on Center street for the reception of the two wooden buildings belonging to him which he intends to move in the near future. He is also getting in the stone as rapidly as possible to complete the foundation for his new brick business block. Now that Mr. Cohen has started on the good work of improvement it is to be hoped that others follow his example and do their share toward beautifying the city.

In a letter from Peter Brown of Snohomish, Washington, which incloses \$1.50 to renew his subscription to the Tribune, that gentleman states that the weather out in Washington is decidedly different from what we have been having here in Wisconsin. He states that their real winter commenced on the 1st of February, since which time there has been snow twice during the night, but that the sun melted it the next day. This is certainly vastly different from what we have been having lately.

According to an opinion received at Manitowoc on Tuesday from the attorney-general at Madison, there will be no election for supervisors this spring. The new law passed by the legislature provides that all cities of the second, third and fourth classes in the state shall elect their officers, excepting aldermen, for a term of two years. The attorney-general decides that the supervisors come under the head of city officers, and that they serve for two years. The supervisors elected all over the state outside of Milwaukee in the spring 1902 will hold over and above until the spring of 1904. This decision includes Grand Rapids. The opinion was secured at the instance of C. Otto Schmidt, a supervisor for the seventh ward in Manitowoc on a recent visit at Madison.

Mr. H. Haggins of Melbourne, Fla., writes, "My doctor told me I had Consumption and nothing could be done for me. I was given up to die. The offer of a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, induced me to try it. Results were startling. I am now on the road to recovery and owe all to Dr. King's New Discovery. It surely saved my life." This great cure is guaranteed for all throat and lung diseases by John E. Daly, Druggist. Price 50c and \$1.00. Retail everywhere.

Real Estate Transfers.

Ignatius Urmaszki to W. J. Shea. Consideration, \$850. A tract 243 by 135 feet, known as lot 4, block 8.

Ada Taylor and Frank E. Taylor to J. O. Winger. Consideration, \$1,300. Lot 3, block 17, original plat of Centralia.

Frank Mertle to M. F. Teske. Consideration, \$3,400. Lots 5, 6 and 7, block 15 of the Omaha Land Company's addition to city of Marshfield.

Peter Edward Fry to Ash Fry. Consideration, \$750. The sw¹/₄ of the se¹/₄, section 35, town of Marshfield.

H. A. Lathrop and wife to Fred Mess. Consideration, \$90. Lot 1, block C, Lathrop's addition to the city of Marshfield.

Ole Stromberg and wife to George Elberg. Consideration, \$20. Tract 10x16 rods, town of Dexter.

A. F. Boune to Wm. O. Martin. Consideration, \$1,600. S¹/₂ of se¹/₄, section of town of Port Edwards.

Leonard Bullis to Geo. Elberg. Consideration, \$40. A part of the se¹/₄ of the ne¹/₄, section 23, town of Dexter.

Louis Nelson and wife to George Elberg. Consideration, \$115. A part of the se¹/₄ of the nw¹/₄, section 23, town of Dexter.

Eva L. Mosher to Geo. Elberg. Consideration, \$10. A tract 9x16 rods, Dexterville.

Achsah E. Hall to George Elberg. Consideration, \$50. A tract in Dexterville 8¹/₂x4¹/₂ rods.

D. E. Mains and wife to J. A. Bolton. Consideration, \$2,350. The w¹/₂ of the nw¹/₄, the nw¹/₄ of the ne¹/₄, and the ne¹/₄ of the nw¹/₄, section 32, town of Rock.

J. B. Borden and wife to E. J. Hartwell. Consideration, \$2,550. Lot 14, block O, city of Marshfield.

John L. Voelker and wife to George Larson. Consideration, \$2,225. The n¹/₂ of the sw¹/₄, section 2, town of Auburn.

Clarissa Arpin to Joseph Prock. Consideration, \$475. E¹/₂ lots 1 and 2, block 13, Lang's replat of the city of Grand Rapids.

Louise LaVigne to Sopoia Severance. Consideration, \$350. Lot 1, block 23, original plat of Centralia.

Henry W. Carter and wife to William Harrington. Consideration, \$900. W¹/₂ of the ne¹/₄ and the se¹/₄ of the ne¹/₄, section 24, town of Saratoga.

—Plain and brick ice cream to order at Barnes & Voyer, the candy kitchen.

The HOT BLAST Stove

Is the greatest fuel saver on the market and will burn anything from cornstalks to hard coal. You are invited to call and see how these stoves work. Used at

D. M. HUNTINGTON'S,
East Side Near City Hall.

VICTORIA, DEWEY, SUNBEAM

A WISE WOMAN

Knows that one of the first requisites in making good bread is to have first-class flour, and she will generally have it if it is obtainable.

A WISE MAN

Will always see to it that his wife has good flour and to make sure of the matter he will order VICTORIA, DEWEY or SUNBEAM.

GRAND RAPIDS MILLING CO.

If we should say

that no other person knew as much about clothes as we, or that you couldn't get as choice an assortment anywhere else as here and after we had told you so, you should find out different, you'd never have any faith in our advertisements. But we are very, very careful what we say. We do not claim however to show the largest assortment of high class Ready-to-wear Men's and Boys' Clothing in the city. Enough better assortment to make it important enough for you to come and look through our line. If we fail to please you it's our fault, but if you fail to come here and go elsewhere and pay more than we ask, then it's your fault.

Several new things for Spring are already here and more coming each day. Sharp contrasts in Clothing are played out, neat effects, subdued colorings and quiet patterns, distinguish the attire of the most particular men this season. These same qualities combined with a superior degree of tailoring distinguish our

\$12.50, \$15.00, \$18.00, AND \$20.00 SUITS

Call in and put one on, and if they don't fit perfect don't buy, and besides you save about one-half you would have to pay a country tailor to get the same quality of goods and same or inferior workmanship.

SHOES

The more you know about Shoe Value the easier it will be to sell you a pair of our "King George" line \$3.50 Shoe. Nine out of ten are asking for them. If you happen to be the tenth man other kind you wish. Our Colt Skin line being light and stylish with strength and them very popular.

Our Boys' and Children's Suit Department contains the very latest creations, just received this week.

"Vestee" "Norfolk" "Sailor Blouse" SUITS

We give Mothers a special invitation to call in and look through this assortment before buying. You will find it time well spent. If you try us once you will certainly come again. Ask for our "Viking Suits" for boys.

When you are ready for that Spring outfit and want to get the right things, call on us.

Kruger & Warner,
E. Grand Rapids, Wis.

WOOD'S BLOCK

Market Prices.

The following are the market prices of produce in the city of Grand Rapids, collected on the day of publication:

Potatoes, P. bushel	40
Wheat, No. 2, P. bushel	45
Rye, P. bushel	35
Oats, P. bushel	30
Corn, shelled, P. 100 lbs.	30
Hay, timothy, P. ton	15.00
Hay, timothy, P. ton	15.00
Eggs, P. dozen	12.50
Butter, P. lb.	18.00
Beef, P. bushel	1.30
Pork, P. bushel	1.75
Onions, P. bushel	40
Beef, live, P. 100 lbs.	2.00 @ 2.50
Beef, dressed, P. 100 lbs.	2.40 @ 3.00
Pork, live	5.00
Pork, dressed	7.50
Veal, dressed, P. D.	6.00
Chickens, live, P. D.	7.00
Chickens, dressed, P. D.	12.00
Turkeys, live, P. D.	8.00
Turkeys, dressed, P. D.	13.00
Flour, patent, P. bbl.	4.00
Feed, P. ton	22.00
Middlings, P. ton	18.50
Brass, P. ton	18.50
Boiled Corn Meal, bbl.	3.50
Lard, P. D.	12.00
Whole Hams, P. D.	14.00
Mess Pork, bbl.	16.00

Something That Will Do You Good.

We know of no way in which we can be of more service to our readers than to tell them of something that will be of real good to them. For this reason we want to acquaint them with what we consider one of the very best remedies on the market for coughs, colds, and that alarming complaint, croup. We refer to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have used it with such good results in our family so long that it has become a household necessity. By its prompt use we haven't any doubt but that it has time and again prevented croup. The testimony is given upon our own experience, and we suggest that our readers, especially those who have small children, always keep it in their homes as a safeguard against croup.—Chambers (S. C.) Messenger. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

Building Lots for Sale.

Forty building lots in first ward from \$75 to \$150. Also good 10 room dwelling and lot \$9x120.

E. I. PHILLIPS.

John Dangler's Capital for 5 cents.

is a gentleman's smoke.

(First Publication 1-23-1903)

Claims of Creditors.

Wood County Court—In Probate.

In the matter of the Estate of Nels Johnson, deceased. Letters of administration on the estate of said Nels Johnson, deceased, having been granted and issued to Nellie Johnson on the 25th day of January, 1903, it is now at this special term of this court.

Ordered that all creditors of said Nels Johnson, deceased, do present their claims for examination and allowance to this court on or before the 7th day of September, 1903, which time is hereby allowed and limited for that purpose.

Ordered Further that the claims and demands of all persons against said deceased be presented to, received, examined and adjusted by this court at the regular September term thereof to be held at the probate office in the city of Grand Rapids, in said county, on the 2nd Tuesday, being the 5th day of September, 1903, and the first Tuesday being the 3rd day of February, 1904, and the first Tuesday being the 3rd day of March, 1905.

And it is further ordered, That notice of the time and place at which said claims and demands will be received, examined and adjusted as aforesaid and of the time limited for creditors to present their claims, be given by publishing a copy of this order and notice for four successive weeks in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a weekly newspaper published at the city of Grand Rapids, in said county, the first publication to be within ten days from the date of the order.

Dated January 27th, 1903.

By the court,

W. J. CONWAY,

County Judge.

Swelled the Conscience Fund.

The legislator took up his hat to leave the statehouse. It was in Connecticut some years ago. Tucked in under the sweatband was a roll of greenbacks. The legislator counted the bills. "H'm! Five hundred dollars," he said, and put the money into his pocket. Later in the day he encountered a man with a shifty glance of the eye who asked him, "Did you, ah, that is, h'm, did you find anything in your hat?" "Yes, I found something in my hat." "Well, it was a mistake." "It looked like one." "See here, that roll was meant for another hat, see?" "I see." "As it's a mistake, I suppose you are willing to rectify it?" "Not I," said the legislator. "I'm going to send that money to the conscience fund. Good morning."

Making Up For Lost Time.

Husband (to second wife)—You don't cook like Mary, my first wife, used to do, Alice, he said, in tones of gentle, exasperating reproach. No, it seems to me you can't cook like she used to.

On another occasion he remarked: "You are not so smart at getting about as Mary was. You don't appear to catch on where she left off."

About this time a heavy rolling pin came in contact with his head.

"What do you mean by that, you —?" he exclaimed, in agony.

"I am doing the work that Mary neglected," she replied.

There was more peace in that family afterward.

Black Bucks of India.

The black buck of India is a very graceful animal, weighing between thirty and fifty pounds. The hide of the male when full grown is of iridescent blackness on the back, while the belly is as white as snow, the contrast being very striking. The horns are black and spiral in shape and in length average about eighteen inches, although they have been known to reach twenty-six inches. The animals are usually found in herds and are difficult to approach on foot, as the bucks toss their heads in the air from time to time in a very graceful manner, and some of them are almost sure to detect any attempt at stalking.

Roll Butter.

The young housekeeper who told the fishman that she wanted some eels and when he asked her how much replied, "About two yards and a half," has a rival.

"I wish to get some butter, please," she said to the dealer.

"Roll butter, ma'am?" he asked politely.

"No. We wish to eat it on toast. We seldom have rolls."—Chicago News.

Giving Authority.

A worthy parson, on being accused of cribbing, owned to it cheerfully, but added naively, "I always acknowledge the fact by raising two fingers at the opening words, and two fingers again at the end of the borrowed matter, to indicate quotation marks."

A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent Bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

J. E. DALY.

JOHNSON & HILL CO.

A Short Skirt.

One garment almost indispensable in any lady's wardrobe is the short skirt. It might also be as truthfully stated that Re-Go-Tonic Laxative Syrup is absolutely indispensable were a pleasant and reliable medicine is needed for any disorder of the stomach or bowels. Sold by Sam Church, druggist.

For Stomach Trouble.

"I have taken a great many different medicines for stomach trouble and constipation," says Mrs. S. Geiger of Dunkerton, Iowa, but never had as good results from any as from Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets." For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

Better Than Gold.

"I was troubled for several years with chronic indigestion and nervous debility," writes F. J. Green, of Lancaster, N. H. "No remedy helped me until I began using Electric Bitters, which did me more good than all the medicines I ever used. They have also kept my wife in excellent health for years. She says Electric Bitters are just splendid for female troubles; that they are a grand tonic and invigorator for weak, run down women. No other medicine can take its place in our family." Try them. Only 50c Satisfaction guaranteed by John E. Daly.

(First Publication 2-18-1903)

Claims of Creditors.

Wood County Court—In Probate. STATE OF WISCONSIN, ss: COUNTY OF WOOD.

In the Matter of the Estate of Mary Hutton, deceased. Letters of Administration on the estate of said Mary Hutton, deceased, having been granted and issued to Michael Vincent on the 10th day of February, 1903, it is now at this special term of this court.

Ordered, that all creditors of said Mary Hutton, deceased, do present their claims for examination and allowance to this court on or before the 25th day of August, 1903, which time is hereby allowed and limited for that purpose.

Ordered Further, that the claims and demands of all persons against said deceased be presented to, received, examined and adjusted by this court at the regular August term thereof to be held at the probate office in the city of Grand Rapids, in said county, on the first Tuesday, being the 1st day of September, 1903.

And it is further ordered, That notice of the time and place at which said claims and demands will be received, examined and adjusted as aforesaid and of the time limited for creditors to present their claims, be given by publishing a copy of this order and notice for four successive weeks in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a weekly newspaper published at the city of Grand Rapids, in said county, the first publication to be within ten days from the date of the order.

Dated Feb. 10th 1903.

By the Court,

W. J. CONWAY,

County Judge.

A Crazy Logger's Ride Down a Flume.

In the mountainous logging regions of Oregon, Washington and California logging chutes and flumes have been in use for many years, but have been practically unknown in the east until recently.

The "slide" is a wooden trough with high sideboards built through the forest at an angle of descent sufficiently great to give the logs easy headway when the water is turned on. Sharp turns are avoided as much as possible, as the logs are likely to jam. At the necessary turns men are stationed to keep the logs moving. Sometimes these men fall asleep and "jam" the whole slide.

In the west they have several ways of riding in logging flumes. In certain California districts if a logger wishes to go to town he takes a few boards and in an hour has built a boxlike boat. This is placed in the flume, and the current whisks him off. Absolutely no effort is necessary to complete the journey, even steering being out of the question. These California flumes wind through the mountains for as great a distance as twenty miles. At some places the flume rider attains express train speed. In others his frail craft winds around desperate curves on the edges of deep canyons and gulches.

In Washington and Oregon they use logging chutes instead of flumes. These are stoutly built of heavy logs, so placed as to form a groove, in which the logs run by gravity. Water and grease are introduced at points where the grade is low.

At Lowell, Snohomish county, Wash., on the line of the Great Northern railway, there is a long and particularly steep logging chute which, until the country was logged out a few years ago, brought millions of feet to the river each year. They tell the story of the terrible ride which an insane Swede once took upon the back of a big cedar. He was cook at a camp at the head of the flume and one morning lost his mind. When the loggers were not looking, he fastened straps to the top of a big log which lay in the chute ready to start on its flying trip toward the river. As they pushed the log off the cook sprang upon it with a loud cry. There was no stopping the log, and the loggers considered the cook as good as a dead man. They did not think that he would be able to hold on as the log slid around curves on its seven mile journey. There was the danger, too, that the log would roll over and grind him to powder. In the chance that he might make the ride, they telegraphed to the mill on the river and told the men to look out for the crazy Swede.

A crowd gathered on the bank, and every eye was fastened on the chutes. A big fir log came bounding along and, with a magnificent jump, went into the pool. It carried no passenger. Soon they heard another grinding through the forest. It appeared at the brow of



THE COOK WAS HOLDING TO THE STRAPS FOR DEAR LIFE.

the last hill and started down like a cannon ball. There was the cook, his long yellow hair streaming in the wind. He was holding to the straps for dear life, and he made no sound as the log swept past the group at the end of the chute and, springing into the air like a thing of life, made a clean cut dive into the river. It came to the surface a moment later and rolled over a time or two, but its passenger was missing. Presently he emerged alone and was drawn ashore with a boathook.

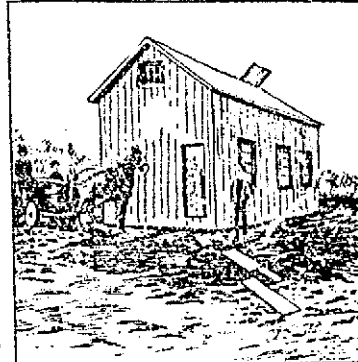
For an hour he lay like one dead and then suddenly recovered consciousness and strength. His mind was as clear and sane as before the sudden frenzy struck him. He said that he had come to himself when half way down the chute and that he tried to jump off, but could not. He had not the faintest idea how he came to be riding his strange steed. At the brow of the last hill he had lost consciousness again and remembered nothing of the plunge into the river. Strange as it may seem, he was absolutely uninjured and in a day or two was busy over his pots and kettles in the cookhouse of the camp at the head of the chute.

FARM GARDEN

MAPLE SUGAR MAKING.

An Ohio Camp With a Modern Sugar House and Outfit.

With maple sugar making time come added labor, profit and pleasures to the farmer and his household in the sections where this special industry is pursued. The cuts from American Agriculturist show a modern "plant" for this purpose. It is on the farm of a young Ohioan who started as proprietor

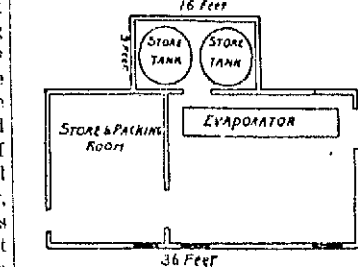


MODERN OHIO MAPLE SUGAR HOUSE.

and manager for himself at sixteen years of age on 200 acres, and it is among the many substantial improvements which he has effected in a few years in addition to managing his farm.

When the picture was taken, the tankroom was not completed. The main house is 16 by 36 feet, 12 feet high, with sirup and packing room in front, 12 by 16 feet, with room for sap pails directly above. These rooms are ceiled with a tight partition between the evaporator room, except doors, and therefore exclude all steam from the tins stored in them.

The house is built on a side hill, so that sap can be drawn from gathering



GROUND PLAN OF SUGAR HOUSE.

wagon or sled to store tank, there to evaporator without any pumping or handling. The camp consists of 1,000 sugar maples, a large proportion being thirty second growth, set in orchard style about forty years ago by the father of this young man. The work in this camp is usually done by three men, except during a very large and long run, when a little extra help has to be used. The income from the sugar and sirup products adds materially to the revenues of the farm. The balance of the farm is devoted to dairying.

Onion Lore.

No more red onions for me. Nobody seems to want them, and they are a drug in the market, while the demand is brisk for yellow onions. I shall plant no more pink prizetakers. Yellow ones are good enough for me.

The imported Spanish onion is quite subject to the attacks of black rot fungus, and a large proportion of the bulbs brought to this country are spoiled for use by it. The Gibraltar onion has the same weakness. Evidently it is of the same blood. The only thing we can do is to sell and use these large onions as soon as possible after harvesting.

A reader asks for some hints on how to grow onions. It's a big subject, too big to give many details. Try the new onion culture. Get a little seed of Prize-taker or Gibraltar and sow as early as possible in a box in the house or in a hotbed outdoors, making rows one and a half or two inches apart and sowing the seed rather thickly, say at the rate of one ounce to twelve square feet of bed. Push the growth all you dare to, and cut off one-third of the tops when they heavy. Then plant out in good soil in early spring, with three or four inches space between each two plants in the rows and the rows fourteen or fifteen inches apart. If this is followed, you will be liable to grow very large, fine bulbs.—T. Greiner in Farm and Fireside.

The Tide Hits Canada.

The boom in Canada is far greater than the American people have any conception of. Over 50,000 Americans from the western states have gone into the Canadian northwest this season, and the movement has only just begun. It is predicted that next year will see more than 150,000 people from the states rushing into Canada, mainly into the northwest, though there bids fair to be an important development also in western Ontario, or New Ontario, as it is called in Canada. And now comes the announcement that the English and Dominion governments will co-operate in promoting a second transcontinental railway in Canada. It will run about 300 miles north of the Canadian Pacific, skirting the northern shore of Lake Winnipeg and terminating at Port Simpson on the Pacific coast, a distance of 2,860 miles, at a cost of about \$100,000,000.—American Agriculturist.

The Value of Husker and Shredder.

The value of the shredder and husker (combined machine) lies in the fact that it permits of the corn standing in the shock until well cured, and then, when the rush of other fall work is over, the husking and shredding can be done in a hurry. The husked corn is then dry enough to crib, and the shredded product may be stored any place under roof.—Progressive Farmer.

A BOTTLE MORGUE.

Odd Department That is Maintained in Some Drugstores.

The woman left the prescription and said she would call for the medicine in half an hour.

"I'll bet \$5 she won't," said the clerk. "She just looks like the kind that gets medicine put up for the fun of the thing."

"I didn't know there was anybody foolish enough to take his fun that way," remarked the next customer.

"Oh, yes, there are such people—lots of them," said the clerk. "Seldom a week passes that we do not put up a prescription that is never called for."

Why in the world the people who thus neglect their remedies after ordering them compounded will go to the trouble and expense of consulting a doctor is more than I can figure out. If they don't want to take the stuff prescribed, they certainly don't have to, but they might at least have the grace to come and take it home after we have gone to the trouble to prepare it and not throw it back, a dead loss on our hands. Why, I've got a regular morgue back there for the repose of uncalled for bottles of medicine. I keep the stuff indefinitely, hoping that in case the customer has not been carried off by sudden death she will show up again some time and ask for the bottle. If I happen to know the delinquent's address, I send it around C. O. D., but people who make a practice of ordering medicine that they never intend to take are not apt to leave their card with the druggist.

"Most of these nuisances in the drug business are women, and many of their prescriptions have been written by out of town doctors several months or, in some cases, years ago. In such cases the customer probably has no intention of coming back for the medicine, but merely wishes it compounded through some freakish fancy. In order to guard against loss through such crazy whims we ought by right to demand a deposit on all prescriptions to be called for later on, but such an innovation would undoubtedly bring out a mighty howl, and we have never had the courage to suggest it."—New York Press.

Mr. McNutt's Speech.

Among the famous men of Vicksburg before the war, one of the most prominent was a Mr. McNutt. Two qualities marked him out as an individual type. The first was his personal cowardice. Still more individual was his power of setting aside in his own favor those prejudices of the public mind which would have crushed any other man. He was at one time a candidate for United States senator. The opposing candidate was General Quitman. In a speech Mr. McNutt said: "Fellow citizens, I understand that General Quitman is now in the eastern counties reviewing his militia, and that he says when he meets me he intends to whip me. Now I tell him at this faroff distance that if he whips me it will be because he can outrun me, for I have a great horror for the barbarous practice of personal violence."

Such a speech from any other man would have won him the contempt of his listeners, but it was McNutt, and people laughed and applauded.—"Recollections of Mississippi."

She Furnished Hints.

"Their marriage was a surprise, wasn't it?"

"Well, his friends were surprised, but I believe her friends were expecting it."—Brooklyn Life.

Study is the bane of boyhood, the ailment of youth, the indulgence of manhood and the restorative of old age.—Landon.

Our Scrawny People

Not all thin people are in actual ill health, but undue thinness means danger, and "scrawny" thinness means the result of wasting, when wrinkles and loss of strength as well as loss of weight show that something is wrong.

This something may be worry, extra work, care of the sick, nervous derangement, dyspepsia, bowel troubles, or the first sign of the onset of serious disease like consumption or kidney trouble.

How often we hear: "She'd be a pretty woman if she wasn't so horribly thin!" It's too bad, for most of these thin women are sick.

The best thing we have found for thin people, whatever the cause of the thinness, is Vinol. It seems to nourish at once, and also to start an appetite for good food. It was a great discovery to combine the medicinal properties of cod liver oil with organic iron in such a powerful and yet pleasant-tasting preparation, and we'll be glad to tell you how we got hold of it, if you'll call at the store. Anyhow, if you are thin, and want more flesh and strength, try a bottle of Vinol. If you aren't pleased, we pay the money back. Remember fat doesn't create fat; so you don't need the greasy kind of cod liver oil to increase weight. Vinol is better and tastes delicious.

JOHN DALY.

Where to Buy Shoes.

It is well to remember that there is a good store where you can get the best shoe service. Some day you will want a pair in a hurry and you may not know where to go.

This is the place to get the best the market affords at the least possible outlay. We do not keep shoddy shoes—neither do we charge fancy prices.

This is the all around satisfactory place to buy shoes.

Remember!

I. ZIMMERMAN,

West Side Shoeman.

A. GITCHELL,

PRACTICAL PLUMBER

Is now located at B. Metzger's old shop on the east side.

DEPARTMENT SHOPS.

You can get your Plumbing and House Heating done.

Your Pumps repaired or new Pumps and Iron Pipe.

Your Horses Shod and Blacksmithing done.

Your Wagons, Sleighs or Buggies repaired and painted and all kinds of wood work.

Each branch has a practical mechanic and we can turn out first class work in each department. All orders promptly attended to. Telephone 30.

A. GITCHELL,

Grand Rapids, Wisconsin

WATCH REPAIRING.

Take your sick watches and clocks to W. G. Scott and he will make them well. All kinds of repairing and engraving done in a first-class manner.

You will also find an elegant stock of jewelry, silverware and cut glass to select from at his place. Prices are right.

W. G. SCOTT

The West Side Jeweler

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.

		South Bound		North Bound	
		A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Marshfield	7:30	2:30	10:45	6:05
Arpin	7:55	2:45	10:20	5:35
Vesper	8:07	2:57	10:08	5:23
Grand Rapids	8:30	3:20	9:45	5:00
Port Edwards	8:10	3:30	9:35	4:55
Nekoosa	8:50	3:40	9:25	4:45

		A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Minneapolis	7:25	6:35		
St. Paul	8:00	5:00		
Gay Charge	1:00	2:00	9:20	
Chippewa Falls	11:30	1:30	8:50	
Marshfield			2:14	10:45
Grand Rapids			3:20	9:45

		A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Ashtabula			1:30	7:45
Duluth			11:15	11:15

Tickets sold and baggage checked to all principal points in the United States and Canada. For rates and other information apply at the ticket office.

G. W. HOBSON, Agent.

NORTHWESTERN LINE.

		South Bound	North Bound
		P. M.	P. M.
Chicago	1:15	5:55
Milwaukee	10:45	3:55
Fond du Lac	9:05	1:25

		A. M.	P. M.
Red Granite Jet	11:50	10:30
Spring Lake	11:15	10:14

A COMPANION OF THE VOYAGE

By Howard Fielding

Copyright, 1902, by Charles W. Cooke

WIRE AT NO. 73. WILL B. P. KINDLY communicate his present address to his companion of the voyage? L. N. G., Hotel Winbrook.

Mr. Storow happened to see this small advertisement in the morning paper as he picked it up after breakfast.

"Bart," said he to the young man upon the other side of the table, "what was the name of the fellow you met on the Etruria?"

"L. Nestor Grew," responded Paulding. "Why?"

Storow burned a hole in the newspaper with his cigarette to mark the place.

"I think this means you," he said. Paulding read the advertisement.

"This is odd, isn't it?" he said. "Must refer to me, of course. Grew asked me where I was to be in New York, and I gave him your number, as you'd asked me to stay with you awhile. When you told me on the pier yesterday morning that you'd been burned out of your rooms, I forgot to say anything to Grew about it. Fact is, I never expected him to call anyhow. We were mere traveling acquaintances, and I didn't care for him especially."

"Your friend Grew," said Storow thoughtfully, "went up to No. 73 last evening and saw the result of Tuesday's fire. Undoubtedly he tried to find out where I'd gone, but there was nobody to ask except the watchman, and he knew nothing about it. So he went down to the newspaper office and put in this advertisement."

The waiter presented the check at this moment, and Storow signed it. They had breakfasted at his club. As they were leaving the building Paulding stopped so suddenly that a swinging door through which he had just passed came back and hit him on the elbow. Therefore a note of pain was mingled with the exclamation of surprise which he was uttering at the moment. He drew up his injured arm slowly, pulling the hand out of his overcoat pocket and exhibiting to Storow's gaze a matchbox of oxidized silver.

"How the deuce do I happen to have this thing in my pocket?" he cried. "It's Grew's."

Storow took the box, opened and closed the lid and returned it to his friend.

"You don't mean to suggest," said he, "that his anxiety to see you can have anything to do with this?"

"I remember his saying that he thought a great deal of it," responded Paulding. "Looks like a cheap sort of thing, don't you think?"

Storow did not reply. He turned back into the club.

"Call up the Winbrook over the telephone," said he, "and ask the clerk to

tell Mr. Grew that you'll leave his matchbox at the hotel during the day."

Paulding went into the little booth and remained about five minutes. When he came out, he looked puzzled.

"Singular coincidence," said he. "Mr. Grew happened to be right there when I rang up. When I asked to leave a message for him, the operator said, 'Here's Mr. Grew,' and the next instant I was talking with him. I gave him my address at your new rooms. He's coming up this evening."

"What did he say about the matchbox?"

"Seemed glad to know I had it," replied Paulding. "Said he'd get it this evening. I suggested that I'd drop in during the day at his hotel, but it seems that he's not to be there. He's coming up to your rooms about half past 8. You don't mind?"

"I've a great curiosity to see the fellow," responded Storow.

Their various affairs of the day separated the two young men, but they were to meet at the rooms at 6 o'clock. Paulding alone was prompt to this appointment. He found a note in a large envelope suspended from the chandelier, and this was the message:

Dear Bart—Mrs. Jack has decided to go to Chicago tonight, and I shall put her aboard the train. She'll take our stuff to Jack, including the can of tobacco. I

am sorry to miss the chance of saying goodbye to Mrs. Jack and was inclined to blame Grew for the loss of it.

The appointment was for half past 8, but Mr. Grew was somewhat in advance of it. He had a nervous effusiveness of manner, and he seemed quite overcome with joy at the sight of Paulding.

"My dear fellow," cried the visitor, "you'll pardon my rather strenuous efforts to see you, but really I couldn't bear to lose sight of you altogether, and that's done so easily in this country."

"Sit down," said Paulding, "and have a pipe."

"Now, that shows the true instinct of good fellowship," exclaimed Grew. "A pipe was the very thing that I was thinking of—a pipe filled with that exquisite tobacco of yours. Do you remember how I sponged on you for it during the voyage—how I used to come to your room and fill my little pouch out of the big tin for a day's smoking?"

"If you hadn't praised it so highly," said Paulding, "you could have some now. But you talked me into such an admiration of it that I've sent the tin to a friend of mine in Chicago."

Grew had selected a pipe and was trying the draft of it while his sharp eyes roved about the room, to rest at last in a piercing glance upon Paulding's face. As the young man ceased speaking Grew slowly removed the pipe from his mouth.

"I'm afraid this stem is broken," said he, and, in act, the amber mouthpiece was split and crushed as if a dog had bitten it.

"Really," he continued, "you're too generous. You'll get no more of that delicious brand in this country. May I ask who will be the fortunate possessor of it?"

"John Storow," replied Paulding. "I trust you wrapped it safely," said Grew, with a laugh. "Some of our express companies are confoundably careless. Which one did you send it by?"

"Mrs. Storow takes it," said Paulding. "She's going west tonight."

Grew remarked that this was singular in view of the fact that he himself had meditated starting for Chicago at midnight over the Pennsylvania, so that he might have been upon the same train.

"I think my instinct would have told me that that tobacco was aboard," he continued, "even though it should be locked up in the lady's trunk in the baggage car."

"She's going by the New York Central," said Paulding, "and the tobacco is in a handbag, with a lot of odds and ends that Charley Storow and I are sending to his brother."

"Storow, Storow," repeated Grew. "Mrs. John Storow of Chicago. Upon my word, I believe I've had the pleasure of meeting the lady. May I ask what is her style of beauty?"

"Tall and very fair, pale yellow hair."

"And blue eyes; beautiful blue eyes," exclaimed Grew, rising. "Yes, indeed."

"Well, naturally her eyes are blue," responded Paulding, filling his pipe. "She's a stunning, pretty woman."

"She is, and that's a fact," said Grew. "I wish I had known that she was in town. I would have ventured to call, although my acquaintance with the lady is really very slight. However, it's too late now. She is gone, and so is your wonderful tobacco—or will be within an hour."

He drew out his watch and glanced at it as if to verify his guess. Then he selected a pipe and filled it with a smoking mixture which he presently pronounced remarkably good, though not equal to the contents of the lamented tin that was so soon to start westward.

A conversation of no particular interest followed, and a quarter before 9 o'clock Grew took his leave, despite Paulding's attempts to "hold him," as Storow had requested.

The man was no sooner gone than it occurred to Paulding that he might have time to reach the Grand Central station and say goodbye to Mrs. Jack. Accordingly, he started out about knowing that the distance was not great, but, being a stranger in the city, he lost his way, and it was ten minutes past 9 when he reached the station. With more address than would have been expected of such a slow going fellow, he got admission to the train shed, but he failed to find his friends. Either they had come early or they had missed connections altogether.

The train was upon the point of starting when Paulding was amazed by the sight of L. Nestor Grew, who suddenly stepped down from one of the cars carrying a dark colored alligator skin satchel.

"Storow's!" exclaimed Paulding. "By Jove, there's some sort of game here!"

The next instant he had laid his hand upon Grew's shoulder. The man jumped as if he had been stabbed and tried to wrench himself free. The train began to move. There was no time for words. Paulding tore the satchel from Grew's grasp, and in the momentary struggle the weaker man fell to his knees. He rose slowly, as if dazed, though Paulding was not conscious of having struck him. He himself meanwhile had boarded the train, which was rapidly gaining speed. Grew ran beside it. He made a vain attempt to get a footing upon one of the vesti-

culum of the wheels. When he rose again, it was too late.

Paulding made his way into one of the cars and was almost instantly in collision with a big black porter in a white coat.

"There it is!" exclaimed a feminine voice from behind the porter. "He's got it!"

The colored man squared his broad shoulders.

"This lady say you got her travelin' bag?" said he.

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The young lady laughed somewhat hysterically.

"Do you mean to say that this man plotted and committed this queer robbery for a box of tobacco?" she demanded.

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The porter, to whom the question was addressed, thought that the information could be readily obtained, and he took counsel with one of his colleagues. Meanwhile Paulding strove to put upon a better footing his acquaintance with the young lady, who graciously consented to hear his story and to favor him with her name. She was Miss Muriel Ames of Albany, and in the light of her countenance Paulding was in danger of forgetting that there was any mystery in that person's remarkable proceedings, but suddenly there was a dainty flutter of feminine garments, and Mrs. Jack Storow appeared. She was followed by a porter who bore a black alligator skin satchel.

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"You will like it very much," said Miss Ames. "I expect to be there all winter. My father is a banker there."

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culum of the wheels. When he rose again, it was too late.

Paulding made his way into one of the cars and was almost instantly in collision with a big black porter in a white coat.

"There it is!" exclaimed a feminine voice from behind the porter. "He's got it!"

The colored man squared his broad shoulders.

"This lady say you got her travelin' bag?" said he.

A beautiful vision came into Paulding's range of view as he shook off the porter's grasp. She had pale, golden hair and big blue eyes; she was tall, and she was a stunning, pretty woman. But she was not Mrs. Jack Storow.

"Is this yours?" gasped Paulding, holding out the bag toward her. "—I thought it belonged to a—a friend of mine."

"Tis yer is mos' peculiar," began the porter. But the lady interposed.

"It was not this man who took it," said she. "It was a this, dark man dressed in black."

"Quite so, quite so," said Paulding nervously. "I knocked him down and

took it away from him. But he didn't mean to steal your bag. He was looking for somebody else."

"He asked me was there a tall, yaller haired blond in such car," said the porter. "He say she was his wife, an' she done forgot somethin'."

"He was looking for a tin of tobacco," said Paulding weakly.

The young lady laughed somewhat hysterically.

"Do you mean to say that this man plotted and committed this queer robbery for a box of tobacco?" she demanded.

"I don't know," said Paulding, shaking his head slowly. "That's all I can make out of it. Is there any way of finding out whether Mrs. John Storow of Chicago is on this train? She's the lady who has the tobacco, you see."

The porter, to whom the question was addressed, thought that the information could be readily obtained, and he took counsel with one of his colleagues. Meanwhile Paulding strove to put upon a better footing his acquaintance with the young lady, who graciously consented to hear his story and to favor him with her name. She was Miss Muriel Ames of Albany, and in the light of her countenance Paulding was in danger of forgetting that there was any mystery in that person's remarkable proceedings, but suddenly there was a dainty flutter of feminine garments, and Mrs. Jack Storow appeared. She was followed by a porter who bore a black alligator skin satchel.

After a scene full of question marks and exclamations and hasty and informal introductions Mrs. Storow, Miss Ames and Mr. Paulding, with the conductor of the train to lend the weight of his authority, discussed it together in the stateroom of the car. The tin of tobacco was brought forth and opened and its contents emptied upon a newspaper, with the result that every one sneezed.

The heap of tobacco seemed slowly to spread itself out, while strange, splendid fires shot from the heart of it. When these gleams were gathered, they proved to be almost a handful of unset diamonds of good size and admirable purity, about \$6,000 worth in all, as afterward appeared.

The two young women fairly screamed at the sight of them, while Paulding voiced his amazement in such polite English expletives as may be used in a mixed company.

"I guess it's all clear enough," said the conductor. "This fellow Grew was smuggling these things in. He got the tip from somebody after he was aboard the steamer that he was known to have the goods on him. He couldn't be caught with them, and he didn't know how to take them through, so he picked you out to do it for him. He buried this stuff in your tobacco; shoved the diamonds down to the bottom of the can with a pipe stem probably. I call it a pretty slick game. We'll count and seal up these diamonds, and I'll turn 'em over to the police in Poughkeepsie. They'll wire New York and catch Grew. You can give them the description."

Paulding shifted about in his seat and glanced furtively at Miss Ames.

"Couldn't we do it just as well in Albany?" said he. "I—I've never been in Albany, and I'd really like to see it, don't you know?"

"You will like it very much," said Miss Ames. "I expect to be there all winter. My father is a banker there."

Paulding made his way into one of the cars and was almost instantly in collision with a big

A gloom was cast over the village this past week because of the death of Fred Ambruster. He had been ill with typhoid fever for two weeks and succumbed to the disease at 11 o'clock Sunday night. Mr. Ambruster was born in Germany, December 28, 1874. At the age of seventeen years he came to America and located at Palmyer, New York. He was employed in a sulphite mill at the above place as a sulphite cooker. In the year 1894 his trade brought him to Nekoosa. He was married September 9 to Miss Alva Bentz, daughter of August Bentz, proprietor of the Sherman House at Nekoosa. He was a member of the I. O. O. F. and they took charge of the funeral services which were held at the Congregational church at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Ambruster was a member of the local fire department and also of the Nekoosa brass band. They paid their last respects to him in various ways at the funeral. He leaves a brother, Gottlieb Ambruster, and a wife to mourn his loss.

Rev. Benjamin Ray has planned a series of sermons to be given during Lent. The topics are suggested by incidents in the closing days of Jesus' life and will be given during the evening service. All are cordially invited to attend. The following is the list of sermons: March 1. The Triumphant Entry—Witnessing. March 8. The Barren Fig Tree—Fruit Bearing. March 15. The Widow's Mite—Giving. March 22. Jesus' Picture of the Last Judgment—Serving. March 29. The Lord's Supper—The Source of Strength. April 5. His Thought for His Enemies. April 6. His Thought for Sinners. April 7. His Thought for His Friends. April 8. The Cry of His Spirit. April 9. The Cry of His Body. April 10. The Meaning of His Death. April 11. Peace at Last.

Capt. Racket was played here to a packed house last Friday. The play was put on by local talent and was appreciated by all who attended. All the parts were taken naturally and were free from the usual mistakes made by amateurs. The opinion is current that some of the performers must have missed their vocation and that they must have experienced the parts they took. The door receipts amounted to \$34 and will go to the school.

The anniversary of Washington's birthday was observed in the public schools with appropriate exercises. Some of the children of the intermediate grades also sang at the evening services at the Congregational church. A large congregation was in attendance.

Stanislaus Pataska and Nina Welner were united in marriage by Rev. Feldman on last Wednesday. They will make Nekoosa their home and will go to housekeeping at once.

Patrick O'Brien spent Sunday and Monday with his family at Babcock. He expects to move his household goods and locate here as soon as he can get a house.

Wednesday being the first day of Lent, services were held at the Catholic church. Mass will be said at 11 o'clock next Sunday.

Mrs. Daniel Lianellan of Tomah visited her sister, Mrs. Jos. Thomas, a few days the past week.

The Shakespeare club of Grand Rapids met with Mrs. Joseph Thomas last Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Dr. Simonson of Tomah is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Edward Brazeau.

Leonard Smith and Will Nash attended a dancing party at Grand Rapids last Friday.

Miss Fannie Burroughs of Port Edwards attended Capt. Rackett last Friday night.

E. D. Osborne of St. Paul was registered at the Herrick House on Thursday.

Elbert Kellogg was home on Sunday.

Mrs. Gilbert Hyde and daughters visited relatives at St. Paul last week.

Fred Pödyin of Marinette was a guest of his brother over Sunday.

Kate Smith of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with her parents.

Miss Lorena Houston is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Hooper.

2-25-7

State of Wisconsin—In Circuit Court for Wood County.

Lawrence Ward, Plaintiff,

vs.

James Joy and Emilie A. Joy, his wife; Henry B. Joy and Ellen N. Joy, his wife; Richard P. Joy, Sarah H. Jenks, Mary Joy, Newland and Frederick Joy, sole heirs and devisees of James B. Joy, deceased; and the heirs, Richard P. Joy and Henry B. Joy, as trustees and executors of and under the last will and testament of James F. Joy, deceased; Thomas G. Horseman, unmarried; George T. Hope and Mrs. George T. Hope, his wife; Frederick Gale and Helen Gale, his wife; James W. Pinchot and Mrs. James W. Pinchot, his wife; and the unknown heirs and devisees of Cyrus C. D. Pinchot, deceased, out of and against C. D. Pinchot, his widow and executrix and all unknown owners and claimants of the lands in the complaint in this action described or any parcel or parcels thereof, Defendants.

The State of Wisconsin—To the said Defendants:

You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service, and defend the above entitled action in the court aforesaid; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint; of which a copy is herewith served upon you.

GOGGINS & BRAZEAU, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

P. O. Address: Grand Rapids, Wood County, Wisconsin.

Note: To you the defendants named in the above entitled action and in the above and foregoing summons and to each of you:

Take notice that the following is a description of the real estate premises claimed by the above entitled action commenced by said summons, to-wit:

The NW¹/₄ SE¹/₄, SW¹/₄ SE¹/₄ SE¹/₄ SE¹/₄ and SW¹/₄ NE¹/₄ of Section 8; the SW¹/₄, SW¹/₄ SE¹/₄, SW¹/₄ SE¹/₄, SW¹/₄ SE¹/₄ of Section 9; all of Township 21 North, of Range 2 East; and the SE¹/₄, NW¹/₄ and NE¹/₄ NW¹/₄ of Section 3, Township 21 North, of Range 2 East.

Further take notice that the summons and complaint in said action was duly filed in the office of the clerk of said court at the city of Grand Rapids, in said Wood County, Wisconsin, on the 25th day of February, 1903, and has been continued and remained and now remains on file in that office.

Further take notice that said action is brought to quiet and establish the plaintiff's title to said lands and each and every tract thereof against any claim and all claims of said defendants, or any or either of them, to said lands and to each and every parcel thereof and to forever bar and cut off said defendants and each and every and all of said defendants from having or claiming any right or title to or interest and lands adverse to said plaintiff. And plaintiff here refers to said complaint for the full facts on which this action is based and for a more full description of the land affected.

Dated February 25, 1903.

GOGGINS & BRAZEAU, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

There was quite a little excitement in our big Friday evening when the alarm of fire was given and it was learned that Will Brazeau's pretty home was in flames. Mr. and Mrs. Brazeau had just left home fifteen minutes before, and were at church when the alarm was given. There is no fire protection in our village, and the fire had gotten such head way that nothing could be done to stop it in the way of buckets of water. The fire it seems originated from the furnace and crept up the side of the chimney in such a way that when the windows were broken, causing a draught the flames burst all through the house. They were able to save only a few pieces of furniture. Luckily the wind was from the west or Geo. Brazeau's home and the chapel would have been in danger. The loss to Mr. Brazeau is in the neighborhood of \$3,000 with insurance amounting to \$3,400. It is probable that Mr. Brazeau will rebuild, although he has not decided definitely as yet.

Hugh Miscoil has resigned his position with the Brazeau Bros. Mercantile Co., and accepted a position with the Heinemann Merc. Co. of your city. He expects to move his family to your city in a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Larson and family went to Merrill to visit relatives a few days before departing for the west. They returned Sunday evening.

Mrs. W. Farly received the news of the death of her sister in Kaukauna, and left for that city on Tuesday.

A little George Washington came into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Braudner last Sunday.

Miss Susie Keyser of your city has been visiting her sister, Mrs. H. Miscoil for the past week.

Miss Blanch Cleveland of your city spent Saturday at the S. Cleveland home.

C. S. Whittlesey, the insurance man was a caller in our village Saturday.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., TOLEDO, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations entered into by him.

WEST & TRUAX, WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, TOLEDO, O.

WALSH, KINMAN & MARVIN, WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, TOLEDO, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MARSHFIELD.

Fred Beell received a challenge yesterday from J. J. Kooney, the giant grippian of Chicago, for an even match, best two in three falls, for \$500 or any part of it. Kooney weighs over 200 pounds but Fred thinks seriously of taking him on. A match is being arranged for Saturday evening, March 7th in this city, between Beell and James McCanley, a middle-weight of St. Paul.

Among those from out of town who attended the Arion ball at the Arionary last Wednesday evening were: Mr. and Mrs. Will Kellogg, Guy Nash, Otto Roenius, Miss Florence Phillee, Miss Effie Goggins, and Miss Carrie Briere of Grand Rapids.

A. B. Kroll, of New York city, brother of Rev. Leopold Kroll, until recently pastor of the Episcopal church in this city, is a guest of Geo. H. Reynolds and contemplates taking up his residence here.

Bart Truhler, an early resident passed away on Monday after suffering three years with paralysis. He was 67 years of age and leaves a wife and seven children.

The Rev. John Eisea, pastor of St. John's Catholic church, has definitely decided upon visiting his birth place in Europe this summer after an absence of twenty years.

The public library is now equipped with a traveling German library.

Prominent People.

Robert G. Ingersoll, Roswell P. Flower and Henry George are among the many prominent citizens of the United States who are said to have died of heart failure caused by acute indigestion. There is one absolutely sure and speedy cure for indigestion, constipation and biliousness. It is Re-Go Tonic Laxative Syrup, a pleasant medicine to take and costs but a trifle. 25 cents. Sold by Sam Curch, druggist.

KELLNER.

J. M. Gage received word from Klogfoss and Brockway that their sawmill will be here March 15th and everyone is hauling logs to the mill site.

A crowd of gypsies are camped about a mile and a half from our burg and everyone hereabouts has either a good fortune, some medicine or jewelry.

A number of Henry Osterman's old friends and neighbors surprised him on Monday night in honor of his birthday.

Robert Hauneman is the happy possessor of one of those long cared music boxes which play hee! han! hee! han!

A happy crowd of young people spent Sunday evening at Mrs. Buss'. Everyone reports a pleasant evening.

The dance on Saturday evening was not as well attended as usual but every one present reports a fine time.

E. E. Kellner started for Chicago Monday night with five cars of potatoes in charge for our buyer.

Mr. Boles and Mr. Eberhardt of your city spent Monday the guests of John Boles.

Many of our people are in your city attending the drainage suit.

C. G. Hansen spent Monday night in Grand Rapids.

Wm. Goldberg is moving to your city this week.

—We are going to sell out all our copyrighted books at 98 cents.

Among them are Jacebel, Mr. Whitman, Quasanti, the Redemption of David Carson and many others, at Johnson & Hill company's drug department.

Died of pneumonia, little Carlton Rade, oldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rade, aged about two years. Everything that living hands could do was done, but to no avail and Carlton passed away on Tuesday, Feb. 19. Mr. and Mrs. Rade have the sympathy of the entire community.

The mask ball given in the town hall on Monday evening was a decided success. There were about forty numbers sold. The music was good, and everybody had a good time.

Mrs. A. B. Coty of Pittsfield and Mrs. Sam Giffeth of this village, were shopping in Necedah last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Styles have been very sick with pneumonia the last week but are some better at this writing.

Mrs. A. B. Coty and daughter Dawn of Pittsfield were visitors at the home of Sam Giffeth over Sunday.

Mrs. Chas. Porter has been in Necedah the last week in attendance on her mother, who is sick.

Miss Irene Styles was visiting her parents in this village over Sunday.

Oscar Law and wife of Nekoosa were Babcock visitors on Monday.

Nearly Forfeits His Life.

A runaway almost ending fatally, started a horrible ulcer on the leg of J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. For four years he defied all doctors and all remedies. But Bucklen's Arnica Salve had no trouble to cure him. Equally good for Burns, Bruises, Skin Eruptions and Piles, 25c at John E. Daly's Drug Store.

RUDOLPH.

We all wonder why Frankie Akey when taking his horses out for exercise on Sunday always chooses the road leading to Stevens Point. It must be that he finds the road very interesting. What is it Frankie.

It is rumored that the members of the E. F. U. are thinking seriously of building a hall this spring. This will be a good move as a good hall will certainly pay.

It was reported by the members of the E. F. U. that they all had a pleasant time last Saturday night and all partook of a fine oyster supper.

Jean Crotteau was in Grand Rapids Friday and drove to Bron on Saturday to spend the Sunday with the Lavaque family.

Mr. Omholt mourns the loss of a fine bear skin robe which was stolen out of his sleigh recently.

Miss Daisy Lavaque of Bron who is attending the sister's school spent Sunday with her parents.

Mrs. Slattery and two daughters of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Slattery.

What's become of the much talked of telephone service we were going to have?

Benny Benson who was employed in the woods up north is at home again.

Francis Lavaque who is employed at Chicago was home for a short visit. Oliver Akey saw two large timber wolves near here one day last week.

Miss Laura Akey will be employed at Port Edwards for sometime.

Fred Phillips of Milwaukee made a short call here last week.

Rev. VanSever will hold services at Pittsfield next Sunday.

Alex Gackowski was seen driving thru here Sunday.

Miss Josie Morgan is seriously ill at this writing.

A Cure For Lumbago.

W. C. Williamson, of Amherst, Va. says: "For more than a year I suffered from lumbago. I finally tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm and it gave me entire relief, which all other remedies had failed to do." For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood Co Drug Co.

Wood County, City of Grand Rapids—In Justice Court. To Joseph Golian:

You are hereby notified that a summons and garnishee has been issued against you and your property garnished to satisfy the demand of Albe Brower, amounting to \$12.75. Now unless you shall appear before Burton L. Brown, a Justice of Peace in and for said county, in his office in said city on the 27th day of February A. D. 1903 at 9 o'clock in forenoon judgment will be rendered against you and your property sold to pay the debt. Dated this 5th day of February, A. D. 1903.

Albe Brower, Plaintiff.

By GEO. H. METCALF, Attorney.

"I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a number of years and have no hesitancy in saying that it is the best remedy for coughs, colds, and croup I have ever used in my family. I have not words to express my confidence in this Remedy.—Mrs. J. A. Moore, North Star, Mich. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

At the Session, Siedel and Rudolph Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

Risk. No Amount.

Insurance Dec. 31, 1901. 1102 \$1,257,336.00

Written and received during Year 1902. 277 \$3,139.00

Total. 1379 1,459,475.00

Canceled and expired during Year. 115 9,829.00

In force Dec. 31, 1902. 1264 1,449,646.00

Balance Sheet.

Balance on hand Dec. 31, 1901. \$34.32

Income During Year 1902.

Cash received for premiums. \$1,236.29

Cash received for assessments. 1,237.12

Total received. 2,473.41

Sum of both amounts. \$2,507.73

Disbursements During Year 1902.

Paid for losses. \$2,131.45

Paid for salaries and fees. 261.23

Admitted payments and expenses. 110.45

Total of expenditures during year 1902. 2,502.83

Cash balance on hand Dec. 31, 1902. 54.90

Directors.

From the town of Seneca, Wm. Jackson, Wm. Peters; town of Siedel, Jul. Matthews, Ed. Polonsky; town of Rudolph, John T. Bagels, Frank Whitman. President, Jul. Matthews, Grand Rapids; vice president, John T. Bagels, Grand Rapids; secretary, Wm. Peters, Grand Rapids; treasurer, Louis Zeam m. Grand Rapids.

Agents.

F. C. Henke for the towns of Siedel, Rudolph and Carson; Martin Jackson, towns of Hansen, Seneca, Port Edwards and Grand Rapids; Wm. Gaudke, towns of Seneca and Grand Rapids; Jos. E. Lutzmeier, towns of Sherry and Milladore; E. M. Berg, towns of Amherst, Marshfield, Richmond and Appleton; Peter H. Johnson, towns of Rock and Jackson; E. D. Ayres, towns of Wood and Cary; R. A. Kruger, towns of Dexter, Hiles and Remington.

Chris Faver who lives three miles west of here will hold an auction on his place, Thursday, March 5th at which time he will offer all his stock, household goods and farming implements for sale. Mr. Faver has intentions to move his family to Washington in the near future. They have been residents here for the past twelve years and their friends will wish them success in their new home.

Mrs. A. Huser, son Henry and Miss Clara Youskow drove to the Rapids Saturday.

The cold weather has kept the children out of school last week.

Mr. A. Huser is on the sick list this week.

Bilious Colic.

H. Seever, a carpenter and builder of Kenton, Tenn., when suffering intensely from an attack of bilious colic, sent to a near by drug store for something to relieve him. The druggist sent him a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, three doses of which effected permanent cure. This is the only remedy that can be depended upon in the most severe cases of colic and morbus. Must druggists know this and recommend it when such a medicine is called for. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

...OTTO'S...

Toilet Cream!

The great Nihilizer of Chapped Hands and Sore Lips. It's a healer. The perfume is dainty, a great favorite. This fine toilet cream has a continual round of uses in the family, where there is aching, Chapping, Burning or Roughening of the skin.

PRICE 25c.

If you buy it, and do not like it, come and tell us. We want you to.

OTTO'S PHARMACY

GRAND RAPIDS.

•• YOU KNOW THE PLACE ••

ANNOUNCEMENT!

The most memorable event in the history of Grand Rapids.

We have purchased of J. R. Ragan, of Milwaukee, the two retail stocks of the Wisconsin Knitting Company, formerly located at Oshkosh and Racine, comprising about \$7,000.00 worth of

Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Mittens, etc.

For men, ladies, misses and children, both cotton and wool. We get the goods for about one-half of the regular wholesale cost and will offer the same at less than the average merchant pays for the same class of goods. We quote a few prices illustrating the scope of this great price making scale.

7c Blue mixed seamless sox, sale price.....	3c
12 1/2c Black sox, sale price.....	5c
15c Black sox, sale price.....	7c
20c black sox, sale price.....	9c
35c wool and cotton sox, sale price.....	16c
25c ladies' black hose.....	11c
20c ladies' black hose.....	9c
50c ladies' and men's wool fleeced underwear.....	29c
50c boys' wool legging, Jersey knit.....	38c
\$1.00 wool sweaters.....	79c
\$1.25 wool sweaters.....	85c

The balance of the stock to be sold in the same proportion. SALE COMMENCES TUESDAY, FEB. 24th. Call early and supply your wants for the next year.

HEINEMAN MERC. COMPANY.

FREE!

An Oyster Cocktail

DEMONSTRATOR HERE!

FREE!

An Oyster Cocktail

We have secured the services of Miss Marion Wilson, representing the well known relish manufacturers, SNIDER & CO., of the celebrated Snider & Co. catsup fame. We have arranged a corner in our store giving Miss Wilson an opportunity to demonstrate the merits of her wares, including such relishes as Salad Dressing, Chili Sauce, Tomato Soup and Oyster Cocktail. A courteous invitation to all to enjoy an Oyster Cocktail and Tomato Soup FREE. We place special stress on this invitation as we want all housekeepers to have pure and proper relishes in their household. BE SURE AND COME.

Miss Wilson's Hours will be from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m.

Commencing Monday, March 2, and ending Saturday, March 7.

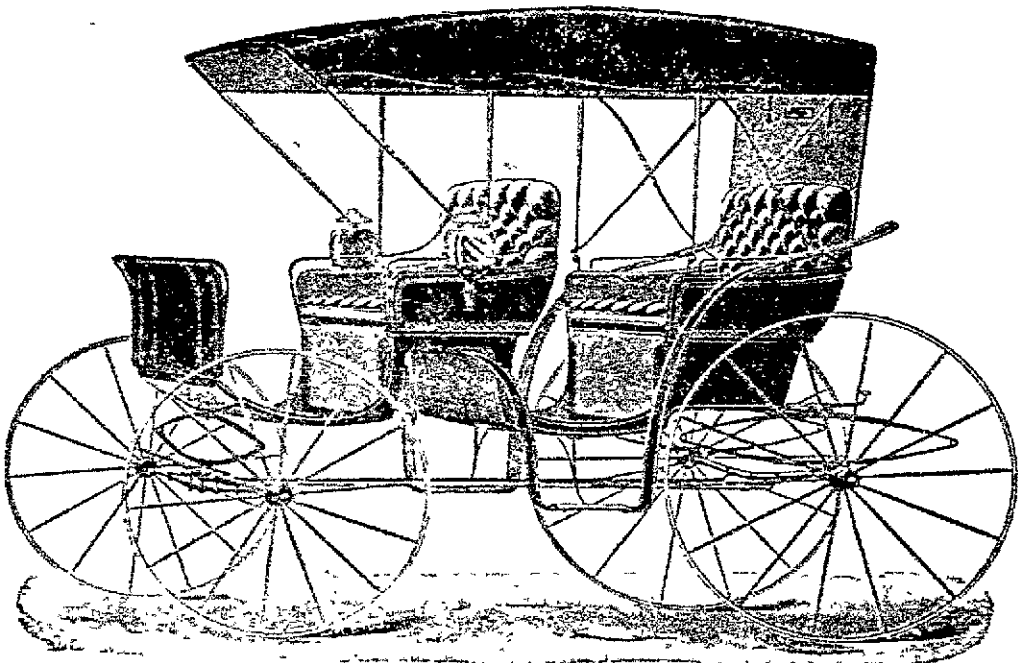
W. GROSS & COMPANY.

CALUMET Baking Powder

A perfectly healthful powder made by improved chemical methods and of accurately proportioned materials.

Trust Baking Powders sell for 45 or 50 cents per pound and may be identified by this exorbitant price. They are a menace to public health, as food prepared from them contains large quantities of Rochelle salts, a dangerous cathartic drug.

STILL TO THE FRONT



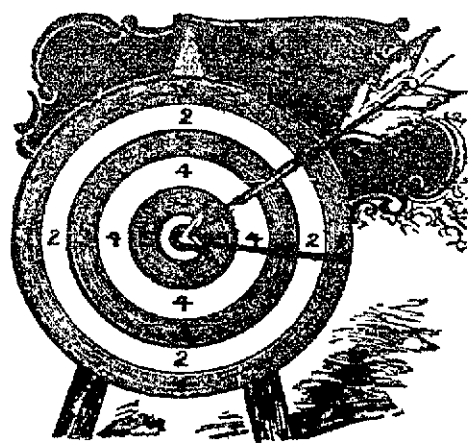
With two full carloads of...

Buggies, Surrys, Farm and Milk Wagons.

All from reliable factories. We can satisfy any customer both on price and quality. We are now figuring on Clover and Timothy Seed, Field Peas and Garden Seed and will tell you about them later.

CENTRALIA HDW. CO.

GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN.



We'll be the **TARGET**

For your House

Bills.

Shoot 'em in to us.
Our estimates will bring results.

Kellogg Bros. Lumber Co.

YARDS AT

GRAND RAPIDS, NEKOOSA, W. GRAND RAPIDS.

NO AGENTS WANTED.

Marshfield Merchants Freeze Out Outside Stores.

The following from the Marshfield Times tells of how the merchants in that city made it warm for the agent of a Milwaukee store who tried to sell goods there:

"A representative of Gimbel Brothers who attempted to sell merchandise to the retail trade in this city by sample the past week, met with a rather discouraging reception and was glad to leave town Thursday with very few sales to his credit. He exhibited his samples in the hotel sample room and handed out cards soliciting retail trade, which came to the notice of local merchants and was considered a violation of the transient merchant act. Finding that the salesman had neither state nor city license District Attorney Brazeau was notified and he arrived Thursday morning to prosecute. As no criminal action could be sustained a civil action to enforce a forfeiture was commenced under the supposition that the goods sold were shipped from the Milwaukee branch of Gimbel Brothers. Upon investigation, however, it was shown that the goods were intended to be shipped from the factory at Philadelphia and consequently the man was protected by interstate commerce law. The action was dismissed, and the itinerant retailer left town."

In commenting on the matter the Times says: "There seems to be a growing tendency on the part of such city department stores as are not enjoying a heavy wholesale trade in the smaller towns to encroach upon the rights of the local merchant, and it should be promptly checked in every instance. The practice is not only detrimental to the home merchant, but is also a trap for the consumers who buy by sample and are seldom given the goods they expect. The men who pay taxes on their large stocks in town are entitled to all the protection that our, in this respect, too liberal laws provide, and should be aided by the authorities in every feasible way."

This is all true and right to the point. The city of Grand Rapids periodically suffers from these attacks of sharks from outside the city, and if our people are so foolish as to patronize them the merchants should use their efforts to stop the practice. There may have been a time when the merchants of Grand Rapids were unable to supply the people with good enough goods to satisfy their wants, but those days have gone by. There are now numerous stores in the city that keep a good variety of goods, and the proprietors stand ready and anxious to order anything that can be obtained in the big cities that they do not carry in stock, so that there is no excuse for flocking to patronize an outside firm.

It is possible a fact that some of the local merchants set the pace for their customers by sending outside for their printing where they can save a few cents, but this fact should not debar them from trying to make everybody else trade at home.

SUFFERED FROM COLD.

Engineer Has Thrilling Experience at Rudolph.

On Tuesday night of last week Engineer James had an experience at Rudolph that he will not forget in a hurry.

Mr. James was pulling a freight on the St. Paul that night and when Rudolph was reached they were unable to make the grade at that place, which is quite steep. An attempt was made to double up the hill, and when this had been partly accomplished the engineer discovered that the water in the tank was getting low.

The engine was run to Junction City for water, but when Rudolph was again reached the injector on the engine was found to be frozen. The weather was bitter cold, mercury standing about twenty degrees below zero, but there was nothing to do but take the fire out of the furnace, which was done.

Mr. James then stayed by his engine, attempting to keep the machine warm enough so that the boiler and pipes would not freeze up and burst, and thus cripple the locomotive seriously. He succeeded in this to a certain extent, but in working in the severe cold he sustained several frost bites, one foot being so badly frozen that it is thought that amputation will be necessary.

When the morning passenger came along next day the freight train was gotten up the hill with the aid of the locomotive from this train, which had to make several trips to do the work on account of being unable to leave the passenger coaches by themselves, owing to the cold weather that prevailed.

It is needless to say that it was an experience that none of the train crew would care to repeat.

An Old Settler Gone.

On Wednesday last week occurred the death of Thomas E. Whitman at the home of his son, Frank in the town of Rudolph, the deceased being aged 78 years, 10 months and 21 days. His death was the result of a stroke of paralysis which he sustained on February 13th.

Mr. Whitman was one of the oldest residents of Rudolph, having settled there in 1857, when he engaged in farming, making a continuous residence of some 46 years.

Mr. Whitman was born at Goshen, Orange County, New York, on the 24th day of March, 1824. He subsequently lived at Elmira where he worked at carpentering for 10 years. He came to Rudolph in 1857 and settled upon a farm, and was one of the first in the

town to engage in agricultural pursuits.

He was married at Elmira to Miss Jane Van Epps, and seven children were born to them to bless the union, four of whom are now living. For the past ten years he has made his home with his son Frank.

He was stricken with paralysis on Friday, February 13th and lived until the following Wednesday when he passed away.

The funeral services were held on Saturday morning at the M. E. church in this city, Rev. Peterson performing the last sad rites.

Among the relatives from abroad who were present were Misses Libbie and Irene Timian of Amherst, and Miss Cassy Whitman of Winnebago, Ill.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

The Second of a Very Enjoyable Series.

On the evening of February 22nd, 1903, at half past six sharp, a company of nineteen made up of the old soldiers and their wives in our city were gathered together with Mr. Brooks' roundabout and started on their journey to the town of Rudolph, their destination being the home of our estimable friend and comrade, Mr. Lessig.

Those who went out were Samuel Parker and wife, V. Wales and wife, L. Porter and wife, T. J. Cooper and wife, Mrs. F. Beadle, Mrs. N. Boucher, Mrs. D. Carey, Mrs. F. Carey and baby, Emmett Carey, Mrs. Geo. Baker, Mrs. J. Hazard, Mrs. F. Jackson, T. Burr, M. S. Pratt, H. Pellersels.

Nothing out of the ordinary happened on their way out except that I might mention that the old boys were anxious to show their gallantry and were very attentive and exhibited great bravery in caring for the wants of the girls, in seeing that the robes were properly adjusted and that their jacket collars were kept in place. We finally reached our destination in safety and found our comrade and family in good health and enjoying the comforts of a most costly, luxurious and modern built home. The house is a two-story building built of brick with hardwood finish throughout.

We did not learn the exact cost, but would estimate the value at about \$15,000. Mr. Lessig had made on his place all the brick and lumber for the construction of the house. Mr. Lessig told us his daughters did the planning of the house and his boys did all the woodwork in building and that they had never learned the carpenter's trade, either, but were always handy with tools, but we think the work would be an honor to skilled hands.

Mr. Lessig's son Will showed us up a winding stairway into a room in the upper story and there introduced us to a wonderful display of mementos of his success in good marksmanship and fine skill in mounting the noble heads of the wild deer and also his knowledge of tanning and modeling into beautiful and useful rugs the hides of bear, deer, fox, raccoon, etc.

A most lovely spread was served by the ladies of the Relief Corps and Mrs. Lessig's daughters. When supper was announced the men were ushered into one dining room and the ladies into another, where they did ample justice to the most excellent coffee, sandwiches, cold meat, pickles and different kinds of cake and fruit. A social time was then enjoyed by the old boys and girls in singing a number of selections of "army songs".

Heartily thanking the Lessig family for the royal entertainment received at their hands and bidding them good-night we started on our journey home. The gallantry on the part of the boys in caring for the wants of the girls was the same as on the way out and the evening will be long remembered as a very enjoyable one.

ONE OF THE BOYS.

Meeting of Stockholders.

The stockholders in the corporation of Johnson & Hill company held their annual meeting last week and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Geo. M. Hill, president; Geo. W. Mead, vice president; C. F. Kruger, secretary; Mrs. Nels Johnson, treasurer.

The company expects to remodel their store this spring by fixing up the second story for display and salesroom. A package carrier will also be put in and the cashier's desk raised somewhat. Other improvements are contemplated but at the present time they have not been definitely decided upon.

Unclaimed Letters.

East side: A. M. Anderson, Geo. Beteg, Beldon, Tuthill & Baltor, J. C. Davis, Mr. Johnson, package, J. E. Love, A. Malloaf, Colvin Reeves, Hans Sands, Mrs. R. Dobs, Bertha Pessio, Geo. B. Maymore.

West side: Aug. Petrick, Joseph Siberd, Charles Witt, Wm. Tennant, Herman Sipchow, jr.

Notice.

Having bought out the interest of D. Reiland in the meat market business I take this method of notifying all persons owing the old firm of D. Reiland & Co. that their accounts are payable to the firm of J. McCarthy & Co., who will also pay all bills against the old firm. J. MCCARTHY & CO.

Are Your Hands Chapped?

—Apply Otto's Toilet Cream night and morning. It cures chapped hands in a hurry and leaves them soft and white. It's a fine preparation useful in every home. Price 25c. Sold only at our store. Otto's Pharmacy.

—Choice cigars at Barnes & Voyers.

A GOOD ENTERTAINMENT.

Eighth Grade Pupils Amuse a Large Audience.

Saturday was a busy one for the pupils of the eighth grade. There was oratory, tragedy, comedy and music, and altogether an evening of entertainment seldom equalled by children of this size.

The principal event, to six of the pupils at least, was the oratorical contest which was to take place during the evening. For the winner of this contest a gold medal was to be awarded an unheard of event in the existence of the average school child. The contestants for the medal were Edna Muir, Harold Arpin, Rena Phillee, Anna Klug, Cora Wright, and Laurie Drumb.

The medal was won by Edna Muir, her efforts being far ahead of the others who took part in the contest. Harold Arpin was second and Laurie Drumb third. All of the children took a good deal of pains with their subjects and no doubt the spirit of competition aided greatly in bringing out their best efforts. The judges in the contest were Judge W. J. Conway, Attorney T. W. Brazeau and Mrs. B. R. Goggins.

The play entitled "The Granger Home" by the class was also well rendered and showed a great deal of work in its preparation. Besides there was both instrumental and vocal music by the children, both the east and west sides eighth grade orchestras assisting as well as that from the high school. These were made up of the following members: West side High orchestra—Frank Natwick, first violin, Hugh Goggins, second violin; Selmer Chase, piano; Fred Ebert, first cornet; William Nobles, second cornet; Howe High Orchestra: Kirk Muir, first violin; Clyde Herrick, second violin; Floy Quin, piano; Roland Murgatroy, cornet; John Corcoran, cello. Howe Eighth Grade orchestra—Angelle Gouger, guitar; Eleonore Gouger, mandolin; Philip Gouger, violin; Edith Bruderli, piano.

The members of the eighth grade also appeared en masse in a march and chorus entitled "The Banner of the Sea", during which they went through some very pretty evolutions. The members of the class are as follows: Harold Arpin, Percy Booth, George Burchell, Lydia Cross, Isabelle Drumb, Percy Daly, Enoch Johnson, Beth Lamberton, Cassie Mahoney, Lenore McCarthy, Nellie Nelson, Oscar Olson, Laura Podawiltz, Theodore Scott, Sophia Timm, Mabel Bliss, Edith Bruderli, Constance Cross, Isabel Demitz, Laurie Drumb, Eleonore Gouger, Anna Klug, Lizzie Loeffelbein, Lottie Mahoney, Edna Muir, George Odegard, Rena Phillee, Verne Rumsey, Edward Smith, Jessie Wagner and Cora Wright.

The Howe high school room was fairly packed with spectators who wished to witness the doings of the youngsters, and even then many who had gone a trifle late were compelled to go home again, being unable to get even standing room. The affair was a brilliant success from start to finish, all of which is due to the efforts of A. E. Falch, who has charge of the grade.

A neat sum over the expenses was netted which will be used by the class for decorative purposes.

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Monday was the sixtieth anniversary of the birth of Henry Oesterman, who lives about six miles east of the city, and in order to properly celebrate the event, Mrs. Oesterman prepared a little surprise for the gentleman by inviting all his comrades to the house on that evening to partake of the good cheer which she had prepared for them.

The veterans and their wives rose to the occasion and responded to the invitation to the number of thirty-two. They brought with them a handsome bible which they presented to Mr. Oesterman, M. S. Pratt making the presentation speech. The recipient of the gift then thanked the donors and those present proceeded to make themselves at home in good old fashioned style.

Songs were sung, good old war songs that revived memories of days when the singers were uncertain when their time would come and when any hour might be their last, and several solos were rendered by Mrs. George Courtney, who also played several nice selections on the organ. Supper was served and it was a gorgeous spread, and the veterans did ample justice to the fare put before them. Among those present were Messrs. L. Porter, W. L. Scott, T. Barr, J. J. Hazzard, George Baker, T. Davis, Louis Young, Messdames Geo. Courtney, D. E. Carey, Frank Carey, F. Beadle, N. Boucher, Warren, B. O'Day and son Arthur; Messrs. John Grignon, T. J. Cooper, W. H. Getts, P. Mulroy, M. S. Pratt, and Elbert Eberhard.

Mrs. Heartil.

Died, at Lindsey, Feb. 11th, 1903, Mrs. Fred Heartil, at the age of 67 years. The deceased was one of the pioneer residents of Lindsey and during the portion of her life passed here gained many friends who unite in sympathy with the bereaved family. She leaves a husband and two sons to mourn her death. The remains were taken to Baraboo for interment. Marshfield News.

Mrs. Fred Heartil was at one time a resident of this city. Mr. Heartil having run a shingle mill on the west side. The family left here many years ago.

—Book sale of Copyrighted books at the drug department of the Johnson & Hill company. Only 98 cents for books that usually sell for \$1.50 to \$1.75. The best chance you ever had to enlarge your library.

BRIEF CITY ITEMS

The Reuter Concert.—It was a large and enthusiastic audience that gathered at the opera house last night to hear the farewell concert of Jacob Reuter, the violin virtuoso. Mr. Reuter's playing was fully up to his usual form, and his tone had that superb quality that so few performers ever acquire. If Jacob Reuter has a fault it lies in his playing music universally above his audience. It is the simple, old familiar tune that touches the heart of the average person who attends these affairs, and if the great musicians would cater a trifle more to this class of people they would find their audience much more in harmony with them. Of the great musicians who have been in this country, but few of them have appreciated this fact, but these few have never failed to get right next to their audience whenever they appeared. Miss Gilkey rendered a very nice piano solo, and Miss Vincent spoke The Roman Sentinel with much force. Following is the program in full:

March and Valse de Concert.....Reuter
(a) Strung Quartette.....Sahla
(b) Mazurka in A.....Musin
Ballade—Op. 20.....C. Reinecke
(a) Invocation.....Reuter
(b) Cradle Song.....Reuter
Reading.....A Roman Sentinel
Hungarian Fantasia.....Huboy
Overture—Marta.....Flotow
La Bataille—On the Battlefield.....Paganini
Jacob Reuter.

Died of Blood Poison.—Mrs. Luella Dankert died on Thursday morning from blood poison, as the result of childbirth. The deceased was only 17 years of age, having been married last summer. She is survived by her husband, Fred Dankert, and the boy baby, which was only a few days old at the time of his mother's death. Deceased was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Laughlin of Biron, where Mr. and Mrs. Dankert also lived. The funeral occurred at 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon from the Methodist church, Rev. B. J. Shaw conducting the services. The relatives have the sympathy of their friends in their affliction.

Frank Stahl Hurt.—On Saturday morning while near the Northwestern depot Frank Stahl was thrown from his rig and landing on his head and shoulder, was quite badly hurt. He was standing up in the rig at the time and in turning around the horses gave a sudden start which caused him to lose his balance. He was senseless by the fall and pretty badly bruised up, but is somewhat better at this writing. He sustained injuries to his spine that have also been bothering him somewhat.

Want Law Changed.—A petition has been circulated and liberally signed in this city asking that the law exempting married men from garnishment of wages be changed so that at least a part of it may be secured where a man persistently refuses to pay one of his honest debts. The merchants complain that unscrupulous persons take advantage of the law and refuse to pay debts that they are able to liquidate, and it is this class of men that the merchants are after.

Accidental Death.—The body of Miss Belle Dillon was brought to this city on Saturday and interred in Forest Hill cemetery. The deceased was 19 years of age, and with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Dillon, formerly lived here. Miss Dillon met her death from fire, being accidentally burned. Her clothes caught fire at the stove and before they could be extinguished she had been fatally burned. Mr. and Mrs. Dillon now live at Middle Inlet.

A Financial Success.—A good crowd attended the dance given by the Grand Rapids band on Friday evening with the result that the boys were about forty dollars to the good when they had settled up their affairs. The music furnished by the boys was highly complimented by many present, and taken altogether the affair was a marked success.

Case Postponed.—Henry Specha was arrested on Monday on complaint of Fred Witzel, charged with carrying concealed weapons. The case came up before Judge Brown and on application of the interested parties was postponed for one week. Both parties hail from Nekosha. Witzel claims that Specha shot a dog belonging to him.

A Small Fire.—The fire company was called out at an early hour on Friday morning by a small fire in the laundry of the Witter house. Some ashes had been taken up in which there were some live coals and these set fire to the wood work. The blaze was extinguished without the aid of the fire department.

Confirmed by Supreme Court.—The Supreme court has confirmed the decision of the circuit court in the case of Leopold Schroeder vs. the Wisconsin Central railway. The case was tried in this city and Schroeder was awarded damages amounting to \$9,600. The railroad carried the case up and was defeated a second time.

Change of Location.—Wheeler & Rourke have removed their office to rooms in the Pomerville building over Cohen's store. The firm has a fairly nice suite of rooms there and it will make quite comfortable quarters.

Among the debaters on the Stevens Point normal team is William Brown, a graduate from the Grand Rapids high school. William is the son of George Brown of Pittsville. Stevens Point will debate with Oshkosh on the 27th instant.

WHEN BOYS WERE MEN

By John Habberton.
Author of "Helen's Babies," "George Washington," Etc.
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"On entering camp the order was given to prepare to fire the houses, stables, etc. The signal, the officers told us, would be the fall of the camp flagstaff, at which a man with an ax already stood, while the entire band, mounted, stood near by, playing "Auld Lang Syne." To prepare for firing camp was simple enough. It was merely to "stand by" with matches ready to light, for every bunk was of pine and contained a mattress full of hay, straw or leaves that had been well sunned and seasoned. The walls were of pine, and so were the roofs. No plaster or partitions could delay the spread of flame, and everything was as dry as a July sun could make it.

Down crashed the pole, hundreds of matches cracked, and the band began playing some solemn music, familiarly known as "Old Hundredth," and then dashed into "There's No Luck About the House," for "A Hot Time in the Old Town" had not yet been written. In a moment all the men were hurrying to the stables, where the horses stood all saddled. Orders had already been given to dash to the road as soon as mounted; the guidon bearers were already there as rallying points for the men of their respective troops. Already flames poured from the windows of all the houses and even from some of the roofs. The remaining hay in camp had been thrown by the stable orderlies upon the pine brush roofs of the stables. The instant a stable was entirely cleared of horses the roof was lighted and the fire quickly spread.

The spectacle that followed was as good as a fight, so some of our best fighting men said. At least 60 buildings were ablaze, and 900 mounted men were dashing between and around them in their effort to reach the road. Some of the slower men were obliged to make a detour of half a mile, for the heat of that aggregation of burning pine was intense, even to men already in the road.

Finally, however, when the orderly sergeants called the rolls, the entire command was present or accounted for. The column was formed quickly. Then the bugles sounded "forward," and the band once more did the appropriate thing, for it played "Ain't I Glad to Get Out of the Wilderness?" a popular air of the period. But before half a dozen bars had been played the music ceased and the column halted instinctively, for we heard a shot like that of a field gun.

"Fours about!" shouted our captain. As we were the rear guard, the men who had dropped behind in rear guard manner had already turned their horses and brought their carbines to the position of "advance."

"Look sharp!" said the captain. "Find the direction from which the next shot comes."

The instant we heard another report we saw a mass of shingles go skyward from the roof of our troop's house.

"Strange about that!" muttered the captain. "I heard only one report, that



Then came a deafening report, of the shell. I didn't suppose a field gun could be fired without being heard."

By this time the colonel and the major of our battalion were beside us, and scanning the surrounding country with their glasses. Then came a deafening report, and blazing logs as well as shingles flew from the late abode of our troop.

"That beats me," said the colonel—"bursting shells, but no gun reports. I don't see any balloon from which the enemy could drop them."

I, too, was mystified and looked inquiringly at Brainard, who in turn looked pale and as if a heavy load of guilt was on his conscience.

"Colonel," said he, saluting, "I think I can explain it. I—some of the men brought in unexploded shells after the siege as mementos, and they were too big to carry away and were carelessly left in the houses, and the fire has reached them and made them hot, and"—

"Thunder!" roared the colonel, turning almost black with anger. "Bugler, blow 'forward!'"

Again the column moved. Brainard and I had been glad we were of the rear guard, for we had planned to be together, if only for a moment, the last men to leave the post. Now, we almost wished we might never leave it, for

the colonel's anger boded no good to the men who were to blame for the false alarm, and it would be easy for the colonel to learn who the men were.

CHAPTER XIX.

BETTER THAN WE HAD EXPECTED.
OUR destination, which we soon reached, was the Union line on the Peninsula, on the road by which McClellan had started in 1862 for Richmond, and we were cheered by quite a lot of letters from home.

It appeared that the evacuation had been ordered for an earlier date, so mail matter for our regiment had not been forwarded. No sooner had I opened one of my letters than I began to be mystified, for the writer, my mother, was praising me extravagantly for something gallant which she assumed I had done. I read rapidly, but only to be further mystified. A letter from my father was equally confusing. It informed me that the whole town was ringing with praises of me and that our district's member of the state senate had called to hear the story and declared that all the district as well as Summerton was talking of me and was proud of me.

I called Brainard to my assistance, but he was reading a letter from my cousin May and was utterly unresponsive, so I opened other envelopes, only to find congratulations from old school-mates and even from some of the solid men of the village. What could it mean? Evidently some other John Frost in the cavalry service had done something in particular, and my family and fellow townsmen, like villagers in general, had not thought that there might be two men of the same name.

Little by little I learned from the letters that the deed of which I was supposed to be the hero was a midnight ride alone into a country swarming with the enemy. I had made no such ride unless it was on the night I was scared back to camp by the rattling trace chains of the artillery horses that Brainard afterward discovered. I had not recovered from my mortification at my failure that night, so of course it could not be for that affair that all Summerton and our senatorial district were praising me.

Slowly it occurred to me that some one of our Summerton troopers had heard of Brainard's successful ride of the same night and had known that I started to make the trip. He had got Brainard and me mixed in his mind, and so I was being glorified for work at which I had shamefully failed, and the real hero of the affair was being defrauded of his right.

"Charley!" I groaned. He was looking idiotically happy when I spoke, but said afterward that my face alarmed him. I quickly told him of the contents of my letters and of the only possible explanation.

"Is that all?" asked Brainard when I had concluded. "Do feel easy about it, for I'm not a bit jealous." Then he fell to rereading his letter from my cousin May, but I exclaimed:

"Stop being a fool! Listen to me! You know perfectly well that I'm not going to sail under false colors. The story will get pretty soon to the other Summerton men of our company, and they'll chaff me most unmercifully. I must find the man who wrote the yarn home, and you must help me, and we must make him correct the blunder before the story gets back here."

For the first time in my acquaintance with him Brainard looked irresolute. Still worse, he looked sheepish. Then he said:

"I'm afraid I'm the guilty man."

"You?"

"Yes. Don't be angry, Jack, when I explain. Of course I didn't suppose that your cousin May"—

"What has May to do with it?"

"Nothing. That is, she isn't in any way to blame. Say, old chap, I suppose you'll think me a fool, but—you can't understand. I'm not so modest that I couldn't see that my ride with dispatches that night was quite creditable to me, and I did wish your cousin May could know of it and that I might know how she regarded it. I began to write her about it, but my pen simply wouldn't work. Somehow I can't blow my own trumpet. Suddenly it occurred to me that you'd gone through all that I had—the sense of danger, the loneliness, the expectation of running into a camp of Johnnies or at least of being fired upon at short range. So I wrote up your ride just as I knew you felt while making it, and I didn't leave out a single heart-quake."

"You infernal, blessed hypocrite! Did you make me deliver the dispatch? I never imagined you could be even for the sake of telling a good story. I"—

"I didn't lie. I said that despite the scares the dispatches finally reached their destination. And, oh, Jack, the letter she's written in reply! I'm taking all the praise to myself, every bit of it, but you may read it."

"Read it? I'll send back a denial of the first mail, and if ever again you trust a big hearted, exorable girl with any story that you don't want known by the whole world I'll dump you into a lunatic asylum for your own protection and for mine. Can't you see what an awful position you've put me in? I shall never dare face the boys again unless you explain to all of them, and, of course, you can't do that. I almost wish I could be shot or made a prisoner. Besides"—

"Heard the news, boys?" asked Cloyne, stopping a moment in front of our tent. "Hamilton has been promoted—a big jump, too, for he's made first lieutenant."

"It's an insult to the army!" exclaimed Brainard. "Hamilton's a—No, I won't say what I was going to, but he always dodges fighting."

"Yes, so our captain told the colonel, or so they say, but the colonel replied:

"It may be that he's no stomach for fighting, but he knows how to care for the stomachs of men who do fight, so he's to be regimental commissary and feed the regiment as well as he's fed his company. In war bellies count for as much as bullets."

"There's something to that," said Brainard, "and I'm glad Hamilton's found his proper place. That isn't all. I'll go at once and congratulate him on it."

"Don't!" said Cloyne, putting an arm about Brainard and looking down into the little chap's face with sad, tender, pitying eyes.

"Why not?"

"Because—oh, hang the mysteries of this tormenting world—because he's got a ten day leave of absence. He'll be a fool if he doesn't go to New York, get into an officer's uniform, then hurry out to Summerton, call on—oh, the girls—and"—

Brainard twitched himself from Cloyne's arm, looked up to heaven and shook his fist savagely at the great white throne. Then he dashed into our tent and dropped on his knees. I



"Git on yer horse."

quickly tied the tent strings on the outside, an intimation that no one was at home, and hurried to Cloyne's tent.

Cloyne exclaimed:

"Poor Brainard!"

"You knew—about her—and them?" said I.

"Haven't I eyes?" he replied.

"Yes," I answered, for I saw that his eyes were wet. "But give me paper and pen and ink and envelope—quick—and I'll try a flanking movement."

I wrote my cousin May a long letter, telling her of Hamilton's luck and also of its cause and intimating that should Hamilton's father ever lose his money Phil would be abundantly qualified to become head cook in a restaurant. This might have been an insult to the personnel of the army's entire commissary force, which contained thousands of superb fighters, though none of them was expected to fight, but I knew May wouldn't construe it in that way. Then I told of Brainard's successful dispatch carrying, which he had pretended was done by me, and of his work in the fight at the bridge and how many compliments he had received for it. I continued with a description of Brainard in his bunk after the fight looking with fearful eyes alternately at her picture and in his mirror at his bullet furrowed cheek, and I concluded by saying that the scar that remained was more coveted by all of us as an honorable decoration than if it had been a major general's shoulder straps. To be sure that the letter would reach its destination as soon as possible I rode with it to the general postoffice at post headquarters in the fort, a mile away.

I had scarcely reached the fort when a sound somewhat resembling the rumble of a distant railway train caused me to look over my shoulder, and I saw half a mile behind me the entire regiment approaching at the gallop. "I see here a divided duty," I quoted to myself from "Othello," but I did not hesitate. Whatever the danger to the post and the nation, both had hundreds of champions in the regiment; Brainard had but one, so I rode into the fort and did not leave until I had found the postmaster and placed my letter in his hands.

When I emerged, the regiment had passed the fort and was disappearing in the village. To return to camp for my saber, carbine and pistol would leave me 10 or 15 minutes behind my comrades, and "a stern chase is a long one." I had no weapon with me but the sheath-knife I always carried in my boot, for it was a tool of all work—hatchet, carving knife, root digger and half a dozen other things. It would at least serve for self defense in a hand to hand fight, and lights of this character were almost unknown to us, thanks to the enemy's objection to getting within close reach of us. At the worst I would have the honor and pleasure of being "present for duty" should the affair prove serious.

My horse was as good as the best, so I soon passed through the village and galloped along the Richmond road, for the hoof prints in the dust showed that the regiment had taken that route. Unarmed though I was, my sense of exhilaration was intense. Over this same road had passed in other days the patriot soldiers of two wars, even great Washington himself. I—my regiment—was no longer at one of the way outposts that had been held a year only to be told that it was not worth holding. We were now really in the enemy's country and with a possibility of seeing service of sufficient importance to be mentioned in the newspapers.

In fact, my head got so far into the clouds that I neglected to keep my eyes on the road, which is the worst blunder of which a trooper can be guilty. When I did chance to glance down-

ward, it was to discern that only a few horsemen had preceded me. It did not take me long to learn that the few did not belong to the enemy, for on the moist ground beside a small stream that crossed the road I saw the prints of horse-shoes and their nail heads. The enemy's troop horses were unshod, as a rule. I rode some minutes longer and was suddenly stopped by a familiar voice shouting:

"Come in here, ye little dhivill!"

'Twas the voice of Sergeant Mick Mc-Twyny, who had been detached, with his platoon, to "watch" a portion of a crossroad far to the right of the old postroad. His platoon of 16 men consisted principally on this occasion of his own gang. "Birds of a feather flock together." But Brainard was also in it.

"Somebody lend me a revolver merely as a matter of form," said I, "in case anything may happen. I was in the fort when the regiment came out. I hadn't time to go back to camp for my things, so I just came along on general principles."

"That's the thing!" said Sergeant Mick, with a tigerish grin that was meant for an approving smile.

The platoon seemed to me to be in great luck. It was a hot day; the men were dismounted and resting at ease, their sabers strapped to the saddles, in the shade on the edge of a forest in front of which was an abandoned, bare plantation at least half a mile square. A gentle breeze from the northwest blew refreshingly. The line between the open ground and the forest was marked by a rail fence; how this had escaped the campfires of the hundreds of thousands of northern and southern soldiers who had tramped the Peninsula was a mystery to me, except that it seemed a great way from the Richmond road, which had been the bone of contention.

Mick leaned upon this fence and appeared to undergo a transfiguration, for he looked intelligent and seemed to have something on his mind besides liquor, tobacco and a desire to snarl at some one. As already intimated, my head had been in the clouds for an hour, so I "pulled myself up sharp" by reminding myself that Mick, though a sergeant and therefore my superior officer, was merely a Summerton "tough," with all that the name implied. Besides, I still was without "shooting irons." I looked about me at the men lying at ease beside the fence, their horses being tied to trees near them. I started to ask Brainard for carbine or revolver, it mattered not which, when Mick shouted:

"Copperpl Frost, take me carbine an' lift into yer pockets the cartridges from me box an' take some av me percussion caps. Oi think Oi'll be afther doin' most av me foightin' wid me eye an' wits." Then he looked about the men on the ground, approached a small man who owned a big horse, kicked him gently and said:

"Git on yer horse an' go like a milk-man that's been on a dhruink an' woke up two hours late. Feind the rigimint an' tell the colonel that the whole ribbl army is a-comin' across the field be- yant."

All the men on the ground jumped to their feet as the messenger proceeded to obey orders, and they saw almost half a mile away a gray line that might have been mistaken for the shimmering "heat band" that lies near the surface of any flat, open, dry ground on a very hot day had not the line been flecked with spots of color and topped at regular intervals by spots that resolved themselves, through troopers' eyes, into mounted men. 'Twas not as Mick had said, the whole rebel army, but it was at least a regiment, probably a brigade, advancing slowly in line of battle formation, the mounted officers in the rear. We were but a quarter of a company. And our regiment was—where? And we were so far from Summerton or any part of the north!

(To be Continued.)

To cure a cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Why He Didn't Call.

You don't call on Miss Cutting any more, I hear, Blobber?"

"No."

"Did she reject you?"

"Not exactly, but when I first began calling there was a mat at the door with the word 'Welcome' woven in it, and a motto on the wall that read 'Let Us Love One Another.' Later I noticed that the doormat was changed for one that said 'Wipe Your Feet' and a motto declaring that 'Early to Bed and Early to Rise Make a Man Healthy, Wealthy and Wise' had the place of the other."

Qualified Praise.

Nate Salisbury and Bill Nye were great friends. When the humorist first engaged in newspaper work in New York city and took a house on Staten Island, the showman went to dinner with him. Nye exploded some new stories, and Salisbury, turning to his host's little girl, said:

"Very clever papa you've got, my dear."

"Yes," responded the demure little miss, "when there's company."

Impertinence.

Mr. Todgers—Why have you sent Maria, the servant girl, away so suddenly? You told me yesterday that she was the best girl you ever had.

Mrs. Todgers—She's an impertinent hussy. I wanted to borrow her goloshes, and she said she was afraid I couldn't get them on!

Pimples, faded complexion, chapped skin, red, rough hands, eczema, tetter, bad blood, cured in a short time, with Rocky Mountain Tea, the great complexion restorer. Johnson Hill & Co.

Here's a Queer Fish.

Each one of us has at some time eaten too much, but we have surely not gone to such an excess as this fish has. It is called the "black swallower" and as a swallower takes first place, for its stomach is much larger than its body. It will seize by the tail a fish eight or ten times its own size and work its way over it by repeatedly sliding forward one jaw and then the other. Before taking a meal the swallower is a very respectable looking fish, except for a voracious cast of countenance, but afterward he certainly has the appearance of having eaten too much. Then the walls of his stomach are so stretched as to be transparent. Later digestion begins and the swallower is turned belly upward by the imprisoned gas and his stomach becomes a balloon, which lifts him from the depths of the ocean to the surface, and in this helpless condition he is thrown about by the waves, perhaps cast ashore and left high and dry by the receding tide, in which case he does not swallow any more, for the returning tide finds him a dead fish.

The Constitution in Practice.

The theory of the constitution is that the three departments of the government—the legislative, the executive and the judiciary—are independent of one another. In practice the government is not carried on in harmony with this theory. The system of checks and balances does not operate as its inventors intended. The president was to have had the power of selecting his subordinates; the senate, through the exercise of the power of confirmation, was to prevent the appointment of unworthy men, especially of men who might connive with the president to usurp power. In practice most of the president's subordinates are forced upon him. He usually selects after consultation with a senator, for he has its power behind him through a custom which has grown to be a rule of conduct, known as the "courtesy of the senate."—Century.

Fruit Seeds and Appendicitis.

"Many very intelligent people are deterred from swallowing the seeds of berries, grapes and other fruits lest the lodgment of these small bits of indigestibility may induce that dreadful accident appendicitis," says the Dietetic Gazette.

"This fear is utterly baseless since the healthy appendix is protected by a valvular arrangement which prevents even the smallest seeds from entering it. It is only after inflammation has already destroyed its normal protection that any foreign substance can gain access to it."

"To feel compelled to eschew all seedy berries and fruits is to seriously curtail one's dietary, and it is entirely unnecessary. In fact, the free and constant use of ripe berries and fruits of all kinds is one of the best preventives of this dangerous disease."

Could Not Stand It.

A life of the poet James Gates Percival contains some personal incidents that show the character of the man. Among them is this:

When he was made state geologist of Wisconsin, a young man was appointed to assist him. One day the geologist entered the governor's office in a state of excitement. "I cannot stand it. Indeed I cannot! I cannot work with him any longer!" he declared with some agitation, referring to his assistant.

"What's the trouble?"

"He whistles and he throws stones at birds," was the indignant rejoinder. Thereafter he pursued his geological labors unassisted.

Had Good Reason to Worry.

They are telling this story of the pastor of a metropolitan church who has made a study of palmistry and kindred subjects:

A woman came to him and begged that he read her hand. She was a spinster, and an interesting network of lines had spread over her palm with the years. The minister decided to give her a bit of advice.

"You should never think of marriage," he said.

"I don't," replied the spinster promptly. "I worry about it."—New York Tribune.

Curiosities of Etymology.

It is extraordinary how words for the same thing differ in even so small a country as England. Take "left handed," for example. In Gloucestershire such a person is described as "scrummy," in Staffordshire he becomes "craggy," the phrase for a left handed Yorkshireman is "zawkrodger" or "callick handed," and in the next county, Durham, he is "cuddy paw."—London Telegraph.

Found a Difference.

The Irrepressible Cild—Ma, is there any difference between level and flat?

His Mother—No, dear.

The I. C.—Then why did pa get angry when Mr. Jones said he was a flat-head and then feel good when he heard that Mr. Smith said he was level headed?—Columbia Jester.

A Request.

Mistress—Didn't you hear me ring before?

Maid—I kind of thought I did ma'am, but I wasn't sure.

Mistress—Well, next time, please, give me the benefit of the doubt.—Puck.

Desperately Ill.

Mrs. Parke—Your husband has been very ill, hasn't he?

Mrs. Lane—I never saw him so ill. Why, for two weeks he never spoke a cross word to me.

When a boy is lonesome, it helps a good deal if you feed him.—Atchison Globe.

Liver Troubles.

Those troubles are always the results of indigestion and often appear before you feel anything wrong with the stomach. When your complexion is sallow, breath offensive, appetite fickle and tongue coated, it is a sure sign of indigestion and inactive liver. There is an easy and certain way of eradicating these troubles quickly, buy a bottle of Re-Go Tonic Laxative Syrup and within 24 hours you will feel like a new person. Sold by Sam Church druggist.

Mr. Wheeler Rid of Rheumatism.

"During the winter of 1868 I was so lame in my joints, in fact all over my body, that I could hardly hobble around, when I bought a bottle Chamberlain's Pain Balm. From the first application I began to get well, and was cured and have worked steadily all the year.—R. Wheeler, Northwood, N. Y. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

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Mortrud,

East Side Photographer.

Border Justice In the Old Days

... An Episode In the Early History of Kansas ...

FEW of the thousands who have visited "Buffalo Bill's" Wild West show were aware of the halo of romance that surrounded the old coach which was daily on exhibition in the arena and that the mimic show in which the battered old vehicle figured represented one of the many thrilling incidents in its earlier life, when it ran on the Black Hills route between Deadwood and Cheyenne.

The first shipment of gold dust from Deadwood was made by the old coach in 1876. As the surrounding country was filled with hostile Sioux Indians, who after the Custer massacre of the previous June had split into small bands, and with white desperadoes, who were even more bloodthirsty than the red men, the shipment of gold became a matter of grave importance.

The first shipment was made by the Wheeler brothers. They decided to employ a guard to convey themselves and their gold out of the Black Hills. The guards were selected from old and tried mountaineers and frontiersmen, who were paid \$25 a day for their services and accompanied the gold until the railroad was reached.

Thus the now famous Deadwood coach made its first trip and made it in safety. The coach was afterward frequently attacked and robbed by the "road agents" or Indians after fierce fights with the guards. One day not many weeks after the coach had been started it left Cheyenne in charge of a famous driver, known as "California Charlie." A constant lookout was kept for Indians. Custer City was reached in safety, and on the return trip everything went well until the stagecoach reached a dry creek bed a few miles out of Custer.

Here, without the slightest warning, a band of Indians in full war paint sprang from ambush and commenced

bankers would probably have "large sums of money with them, decided to stop the coach and rob the men."

Shortly before the appointed time the desperadoes left Deadwood and proceeded to a point about three miles south of the town, near the present location of the town of Pluma. The driver of the incoming Deadwood coach was a man named Johnnie Slaughter, who was universally beloved and respected by those who knew him.

Upon the arrival of the coach at the rendezvous of the desperadoes they made their appearance and ordered Slaughter to stop. The driver apparently did not understand the order to halt and paid no attention to it. One of the "road agents" immediately opened fire on him with a shotgun, shooting him through the heart and killing him instantly. A passenger who was seated beside the driver was also wounded by some of the buckshot. The horses became frightened by the shooting and started on a wild run for Deadwood, but the coach was riddled with bullets before it got beyond range of the "road agents' firearms. The baffled outlaws got nothing for their pains, as they did not dare to pursue the vehicle into Deadwood.

The Deadwood coach was "held up" and robbed so frequently that finally as a last resort it was covered with sheet iron to keep out the bullets. The coach then went over the route once a week, five picked men, all heavily armed, under the charge of Scott Davis, chief messenger, acting as an escort on these perilous trips.

The armored Deadwood coach made several trips without an attempt being made to "hold up" and rob it. But it was simply the calm before the storm, which resulted in a typical "hold up."

One day in 1878 the coach drove up as usual to the stage station at Cold Springs to change horses. Everything

REELFOOT LAKE.
Its Great Sunken Forest and the Game With Which It Abounds.

Mississippi river shooting is varied with trips to the sunken lands, which begin near Hickman, Ky., and extend south several hundred miles on both sides of the river. This territory was covered with a dense forest of large trees before the land was submerged by the earthquake of 1811. On the Tennessee side Reelfoot lake, eighty miles long, was formed. Reelfoot lake is only three miles from the river at Upper Slough Landing and the same distance at Tiptonville, Tenn. The dense forest is still standing. The limbs and bark have rotted and dropped off years ago, leaving the bleached trunks standing like marble columns in water sixty feet deep, so close together that it is difficult to move a skiff among them. Some have rotted off at the water level, and others are hollow, making good blinds. The flight of wild fowl on Reelfoot lake is beyond the comprehension of the average sportsman. There are ducks, geese, cormorants, called water turkeys; cranes, water hens and snipe. They all keep up a chatter which makes the sunken forest ring. From the tops of the trees eagles, hawks and owls contribute piercing screeches to the continuous din.—Outing.

Apprenticed For Life.

"Have you ever encountered the child who in the matter of smart sayings and straight truths is an absolute terror to all with whom he may chance to come into contact?" said an anxious parent recently. "Because if not I should like to introduce you to that boy of mine."

"What has your boy done, then?" inquired his friend.

"What has he done?" said the parent. "Why, he's always at it. Only this morning he came to me and asked what it meant to be apprenticed. I told him that it meant the binding of one person to another by agreement and that one person so bound had to teach the other all he could of his trade or profession, while the other had to watch and learn how things were done and had to make himself useful in every way possible."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, after a few moments the young rascal edged up to me and said, 'Then I suppose you're apprenticed to ma, ain't you, dad?'"

The Baghdad Button.

A man recently returned from Turkey in Asia was showing some souvenirs of his trip. "There's one thing I didn't bring back with me, and that's a Baghdad button," he said. "I'm just as well satisfied that I didn't too. A Baghdad button? Well, I'll tell you about it. Every person who goes to Baghdad and stays there for six months is afflicted with a peculiar ailment that leaves a scar about the size of a half dollar. It may come on the face or on some part of the body, but it is bound to come if you stay there long enough. I didn't. I got out just as soon as I could. Children who are born in Baghdad always come into the world with this mark, which is known as the Baghdad button."—Philadelphia Record.

Mortifying Advice.

A federal officeholder tells of campaigning in Kentucky with another stump speaker. The latter thought to make a good impression in the famous distillery town of Owensboro, and in his speech there sounded the praises of whisky. "Why, gentlemen," said he, "I have noticed in my reading of history and biography that all great men drank liquor. I tell you, whisky makes men smart."

"What's that?" said an old farmer who was a noted teetotaler.

"Whisky makes men smart," reiterated the orator, "and I challenge denial."

"Then," said the farmer, "you'd better get a couple of barrels and begin on it at once."

Early Marriage in China.

It is nothing rare in China for boys twelve to fourteen years old to marry. The physical, moral and intellectual development of the contracting parties has nothing to do with the matter. Other considerations entirely regulate the affair. An old Chinese aphorism says that the great business of life is ended when the sons and daughters are married. The Chinese parents do not care to run the danger of postponing the marriage of their children, especially of their sons, until after their own death.

Didn't Seem Funny.

Little Johnny—That young man who comes to see you must be pretty poor company. He hasn't any sense of humor.

Sister—Why do you think so?

Little Johnny—I told him all about the funny way you rub about and bang doors when you get in a temper, and he didn't laugh a bit.

An Empty Assurance.

"He says he'd share his last dollar with me."

"Yes," said the man who looks at things coldly, "but he is a man who will take precious good care never to get down to his last dollar."—Washington Star.

The Real Article.

Sillicus—Everybody says he is a genius.

Cynicus—Then I guess he might be. It takes genius to convince other people that you are one.—Philadelphia Record.

Horses are like eggs. It is impossible to tell what's in them until they are broken.

Dishonesty is a forsaking of permanent for temporary advantage.—Bosch

A SPAT

[Original.]

"Singular," he said musingly, "that I have never seen this feature of your character displayed before."

He had never before seen me angry. I knew what he meant and knew that I was on dangerous ground, but this did not deter me.

"My character doesn't seem to suit you," I said haughtily.

"Not as it at present appears."

"Very well. Since I don't suit you there is your ring."

I took off my engagement ring and intended to toss it indifferently on the table, but irritation put more power into my arm than was necessary. The ring ricocheted (that's what he always calls a bound) and, falling on the floor, rolled dear knows where.

"As you will," he said coldly. "but I don't care to have the ring. It is indissolubly connected in my mind with you and could only have a sad influence."

"I can see nothing sad in being reminded of one who didn't suit you."

"It would remind me of one as I have always seen her except on this occasion—one I have dearly loved."

"It's a pity you made such a mistake, but fortunate that you found me out in time."

"I certainly would not relish a recurrence of such scenes as this."

"They would occur daily should you ill treat me as you have just done."

"If you can convince me of one act of ill treatment I will apologize on my knees."

That's just like a man. He must always be getting at the bottom of things. Instead of coming to me, putting his arms about me and telling me how sorry he was, he must go back to the beginning and prove by what he calls logic that I am all in the wrong. I shall consent to no such thing.

"It isn't necessary," I said, "especially since I have come to the conclusion that you wouldn't suit me any better than I would suit you."

I looked at him to see if my shot struck home, but he was so imperturbable that if he had any feelings he concealed them perfectly. This turned the shot into a boomerang. It made me angrier than ever. I should have waited for his reply, but I didn't. I added two words which at the time seemed very forcible, but which now seem ridiculous:

"There, now."

I turned my back as I spoke so I couldn't see his face. This was a mistake. It gave him a great advantage, for it was impossible for me to judge of the real intent of his words.

"Will you kindly give me the meaning of that expression?" he said.

If his tone had not been so cutting, I would have supposed he was chaffing me. I sat down on the corner of the sofa, with my back still toward him, and did not deign a reply.

"What would become of a husband," he asked, "who upon presenting to his wife some proposition of vital importance to both should receive a reply rounded off by those two words? What a conclusion to an argument!"

I neither knew nor cared anything about his arguments. How would logic help us to get together again? I knew a trick worth two of that. I bent my head down on the back of the sofa, moving to such a position that he could see my waist, the waist he had so loved to encircle. He couldn't see my face and didn't know whether I was crying or not. I didn't intend he should.

"However," he said presently, "you have settled the matter by a return of my ring—that is, you flung it on the table and it rolled in under that bric-a-brac cabinet in the corner. Please keep it as a memento of my—"

"Former affection."

I should have said it mournfully, but I couldn't. I was still very angry, the more so that he wouldn't give me a chance to make it all up. I spoke vindictively.

"Never mind that. Do you accept the ring?"

"Does a gentleman offer a lady a ring that is lost without finding it for her?"

This must have been an argument that his stupidity could comprehend, for it silenced him for a few moments.

"Had you handed me the ring in a ladylike manner I would have found it for you. However, I am willing to do my part in its recovery, but you know that I am nearsighted and haven't my glasses with me."

I didn't believe a word about the glasses. "I don't want the ring," I said. "I'll find it for you, and you can give it to some other girl."

I got down on my knees in the corner, and he got down on his knees beside me. I soon saw the ring, and he must have seen it at the same time, despite his nearsightedness, for we both reached for it at the same time, and his hand fell on mine.

I waited for him to take it away, but he didn't. I looked up at him. His face was beaming, and his eyes fairly danced.

I turned away from him, but remembered that my waist was where he could conveniently encircle it. He did so, while with the other hand he slipped the ring on my finger. Both his hands being occupied, he did the rest with his lips.

"I warn you," I said, "that you are again becoming entangled with a girl who doesn't suit you. You could never consult with her. Think what will become of you."

"Sweetheart," he replied, "you suit me so well that I intend to bear with you when you don't suit me. So, there." CHARLOTTE ATWOOD.

BATTLES WITH SNOW

HARD FIGHTING FOR RAILROAD MEN IN THE ROCKIES.

Rotary Snowblows and the Men Who Run Them—Backing Through the Monster Drifts That Pack the Mountain Passes.

Every western railroad is equipped with a large force of snow fighters. Rotary snowblows and men who know how to run them can cut their way through drifts that in the early days of western railroading would have resulted in complete blockades. The rotary snowblow is one of the marvels of the railroad of today, and it is a liberal education in the art of snow fighting to see one of them eating its way through a white drift that threatens to cut off communication between the east and the west. There are several passes in the Rocky mountains which for six months in the year or more form a constant menace to train crews. These passes are situated at the top of the Great Divide, where the elements have full sway. Boreas pass, in Colorado, is a fair example. The snow begins falling at Boreas late in August or early in September, and it does not cease until well into May and sometimes June. There will be intermittent snowstorms in the midsummer months, but these are trifling affairs and are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the tremendous snowfalls of January and February. Few men make their homes at Boreas. It is nothing for them to get up in the morning and find themselves completely buried in snow. The one store is usually at the end of a tunnel cut through an immense snowdrift. The population of Boreas during these snowy months consists, for the most part, of the railroad men who are engaged in the strenuous work of fighting constantly changing drifts. Snow at Boreas does not fall; it rages. It is blown about in swirls and eddies and is forever forming new drifts as treacherously as a river that is constantly shifting the sand banks of its mouth. These drifts are not little affairs that will barely cover a "stake and rider" fence. They are piled ten, twenty and thirty feet high, and they spring up in a night.

To the "tenderfoot" it would seem impossible to plow a way through these drifts at Boreas, but when a huge rotary snowplow comes whirling up the track with three or four engines pushing vigorously behind it the "tenderfoot" reserves his decision. He is still inclined to favor the snowdrift, but he prefers to await developments before committing himself. With a rush and a plunge the big rotary is hurled into the white mass of snow. Black smoke pours from the engines, and the huge blades of the snowplow eat relentlessly into the drift. The snow shoots out of the orifice at the side of the plow, forming a huge, white semicircle constantly moving forward. One can keep track of the progress of the plow by following the advancement of this rainbow of snow. Foot by foot the rotary eats its way forward, and finally it and the engines are buried in a huge trench of white. Only the stacks of the engines can be seen, belching their blackness on the virgin garb about them. But the great white semicircle never fails to go forward until finally the "tenderfoot" knows that the drift is being conquered. When the regular overland limited comes along a few hours later, the passengers do not know of the battle that has just been fought. They travel through a canyon of snow as they pass Boreas, but they have no idea of the tremendous force required to cut this white path over the ridge of the continent; so they go on, all unconscious in their Pullmans, while the railroad men at the next siding ahead oil the rotary and gird up their loins for the next battle, which they know Boreas will be prepared to give them in a few hours.

The experiences at Boreas pass during a hard winter are duplicated at many other railroad passes in the Rocky mountains, to say nothing of great stretches at lower altitudes which have always been the favored haunts of snowdrifts and which have always given railroad men great trouble. It is the unexpected element at these points that brings a serious aspect to the situation. At the passes over the Great Divide railroad men are prepared for trouble, and consequently serious blockades are few, but when word comes that a train has failed to fight its way through the drifts 100 or perhaps 200 miles from the nearest available rotary plow there is consternation. To get a rotary plow to the blockaded train takes time, and in the meantime the drifts are accumulating on the unused road, and each hour brings new menaces to railroad men and passengers alike.

Sometimes even the rotary plow has been known to be caught in a snow blockade. One instance occurred in Wyoming. An engineer who had a rotary plow on ahead and who was making good progress during a fierce snowstorm was compelled to run back a few miles for water. Instead of taking the rotary with him he uncoupled and ran his engine back, and in the meantime the snow gathered so fast over the tracks that he was unable to fight his way back to the plow. Such instances are rare, however, and are only owing to the oversight of some trainman, for a rotary snowplow with sufficient power behind it can eat its way through almost anything in the shape of drifts. —New York Tribune.

How She Felt.

Mrs. Black—Sam Johnson done left his wife 'bout six month's ago.

Mr. Black—Do she tink he am nebah comin' back?

"Waal, she jest beginnin' to bab hopes."—Smart Set



THE INDIANS CHARGED, YELLING MADLY.

pouring in a heavy fire on the coach. "California Charlie" plied his whip vigorously and lashed his horses into a gallop. There was a wild run for a few miles, with the Sioux in hot pursuit, whooping and firing at the intrepid driver. Suddenly Charlie dropped off his seat and fell into the boot of the coach dead, a stray bullet having gone through his head. The frightened horses came to a standstill.

The triumphant Indians now came up from behind the coach, yelling madly, and the coach was surrounded. Most of the passengers were paralyzed with fright and sat like blocks of stone. Others with more courage attempted to shoot at the dodging Indians. It seemed to be the delight of the redskins to tease their prisoners. They would ride up near the coach and fire directly at the passengers, care being taken, seemingly, that the bullets only penetrated a coat sleeve, hat or seat cushion.

Finally two of the Indians dismounted from their ponies and, going up to the horses on the coach, cut them loose and with a wild yell drove away the frightened animals, still with their harness on. That was the last seen of the poor horses. The passengers were compelled to walk back to Custer, while the redskins ransacked the coach.

In the year 1877 two parties, one from Cheyenne and the other from Denver, started for Deadwood with the intention of establishing banks. Information of their plans having become public the expeditions resulted, as might have been expected, in another "hold up." A party of outlaws, aided by a noted desperado called Joel Collins, thinking that the prospective

about the place bore its accustomed aspect. The horses were halted, the driver threw his reins to the ground, and those on the coach were preparing to dismount and enter the station when suddenly from the door of the adjacent stable the report of firearms rang out, and a deadly hail of bullets hurtled about the coach.

Campbell, a telegraph operator who was riding on the coach, was killed by the volley. Gale Hill, one of the escort, was also hit and badly wounded. Scott Davis, the chief messenger, took in the situation at a glance and jumped to the ground at the opposite side of the coach from the robbers. He succeeded in reaching some heavy timber near at hand and when under cover opened fire on the five men who had held up the coach, wounding one of them before they finally drove him out of range.

The four uninjured robbers then compelled the driver to break open the treasure box, which contained \$45,000. When they had secured the money the outlaws bound the driver to a wheel of the coach, mounted their horses and rode away, leaving their wounded comrade where he had fallen.

The officers of the law speedily got on their trail and followed it until nearly all of the robbers were captured and most of the treasure recovered. So persistent were the officers that one of the outlaws was chased to Iowa before he was finally captured. The vigorous measures of the officers furnished an example which had a salutary effect on the "road agents," and no further attempt was ever made to hold up a coach on that route.

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\$750. A good one-story
house and two lots, west
of the St. Paul depot.
\$750 takes it if sold before
March 1st.

\$400. Two large lots near
Howe High School, \$400.

Whittlesey & Gilkey.

Grand Rapids Tribune

Grand Rapids, Wis., Feb. 25, 1903

The Woman's Fault.

Professor J. C. Monaghan, who lectured in this city a few weeks ago on Pope Leo, is responsible for the statement that poor cooking is the cause of much of the drunkenness in this world. He makes the statement in the Sentinel this morning that if all the women were taught to cook properly that the rum problem would be solved.

High School Notes.

The following program was rendered for rhetoricals last Friday afternoon:

WRITES FROM SWITZERLAND.

Andrew Bissig Tells of His Visit to His Old Home

Aldorf, Switzerland, Feb. 4th, 1903. Gentlemen:— Nearly three months have elapsed since I left Grand Rapids for Aldorf, Switzerland, my former home, and I will now take the opportunity to write a few lines to you that you may know, at least, that I am still alive.

where one had a very nice view of the surrounding country and mountains. I could see clear over into Italy and back to Mount Gotthard. Looking downward I could see all the pretty cities and villas while opposite to the mountain I was on was a very peculiar mountain. Looking at it from one side it is easy to imagine that it is a big set of teeth. The Italians call it "The Old Woman's Tooth."

REGO. REGO is an Herbal Compound which successfully cures Constipation, also Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Kidney and Liver Trouble, and all diseases caused by constipation.

There is nothing better than the best. But our clothing is better than the rest. You ought to see HUGH. One of our tailors "shapes" a coat, collar, shoulders, front, you'd see what 'fine tailoring' means.

JOHNSON & HILL CO. Department Stores. GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN. SPRING GOODS ARRIVING. Every day brings in loads of spring goods which are being arranged for the inspection of the public.

FRANK A. CADY, Attorney at Law.

Offices in Wood Block, (East Side) Grand Rapids, Wisconsin. A general law business conducted.

REAL ESTATE MATTERS A SPECIALTY. If you want to sell your farm or house and lot, list it for sale with me. If you want to buy a farm, a house in the city, or wild land, let me tell you where you can do so cheapest and best. Real estate loans and investments negotiated. Defective Titles Perfected.

GOGGINS & BRAZEAU, Attorneys at Law.

Office in the MacKinnon Block on the West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

WHEELAN & WHEELAN, Attorneys at Law.

Office in the Daly Block on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

B. M. VAUGHAN, Attorney at Law.

Real Estate Bought and Sold on Commission. Gardner Block, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

W. J. CONWAY, Attorney at Law.

Offices in Court House, East Side, and MacKinnon Block, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

CONWAY & JEFFREY, Attorneys at Law.

Law, Loans and Collections. We have \$20,000 which will be loaned at a low rate of interest. Office over First National Bank, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

GEO. H. METCALFE, Attorney at Law.

Office in MacKinnon block on the west side, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

J. W. COCHRAN, Attorney at Law.

Office over the Bank, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis. Will practice in all courts of the state.

JOHN A. GAYNOR, Attorney at Law.

Office over the Postoffice on the East Side. Will practice in all courts.

WHEELAN & ROURKE, Law, Loans, Real Estate, Abstracts, Etc.

Office on the East Side over Collet's Store.

DR. O. T. HOUGEN, Physician and Surgeon.

Office over the drug store on the east side, Grand Rapids. Office phone No. 315, residence No. 12.

DR. W. D. HARVIE, Physician and Surgeon.

Specialty of eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses accurately fitted. Office over Cohn's store, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. J. J. LOOZE, Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone No. 62. Residence telephone No. 14. Office over Wood County Drug Store on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. A. L. RIDGMAN, Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone No. 42. Residence phone No. 15. Office over Church's Drug Store on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. F. POMAINVILLE, Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone at office, No. 43. Residence No. 25. Office in rear of Stein's Drug Store on East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. D. WATERS, Physician and Surgeon.

Night Calls at Dixon House, telephone No. 55. Office over Church's Drug Store, telephone 192. West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis. Office Hours 9 to 11 a.m., 1 to 7 p.m.

DR. CHAS. POMAINVILLE, Dentist.

Telephone No. 215. Office in Pomainville Block West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. A. A. TELFER, Dentist.

Office over Wood County National Bank on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. F. D. HUMPHREY, Physician and Surgeon.

Graduate Homeopathic and Allopathic Schools. Special attention given to women and children and all chronic diseases. Office over Candy Kitchen, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. A. B. CRAWFORD, Dentist.

High grade service at reasonable fees. Office in Blandin building on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

WANT COLUMN.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be published in this column at the rate of 5 cents per line, no ad taken for less than 10 cents. If you want to buy, sell or trade anything, try the want column.

TO RENT—Offices on the east side, over Cohn's store. Inquire of Dr. Charles Pomainville, over Otto's Pharmacy.

MONEY TO LOAN—C. E. Botes.

BOARDERS WANTED—At Mrs. James Dolan's, south of Dixon House.

MUSIC LESSONS—Miss Edith Bradwell will give music lessons on piano or organ, three hours for \$1.00. Instruction guaranteed.

LOST—On Feb. 2nd near court house one black robe, grey coat. Finder please leave same at Rowland's Store. Henry Bradshaw.

WANTED—A man of experience in the line of running a business, would like to take charge of a business. Address A. R. Laushke, Box 46, Grand Rapids, Wis.

SHORT LOCALS

Leroy Taft spent Sunday at Tomah the guest of relatives.

Garry Mason and Arthur Sickles attended the Woodman ball at Nekoosa Monday evening.

Fruits of all kinds at Barnes & Voyer's candy kitchen.

John Schnabel is in Chicago this week on business.

Geo. Lebreche spent Saturday in Wausau with friends.

Mrs. Andrew King of the west side is reported seriously ill.

Dr. O. T. Hougén made a business trip to Milwaukee the past week.

Hon. E. S. Rump of Wausau transacted legal business here Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Hyman of Wausau are visiting friends here this week.

Sheriff W. R. Chellis of Wausau transacted business here on Saturday.

The Woman's club meets next Monday evening with Mrs. H. S. Youker.

Stamp photos at Morterud studio for a short time.

The Travel Club will meet with Mrs. MacKinnon Monday afternoon at 2:30.

Attorney W. E. Wheelan went to Wausau on Tuesday night on legal business.

St. Katherine's Guild will meet with Mrs. Isaac Witter next Friday afternoon.

A. W. Bryant of Milwaukee was in the city on Friday greeting his numerous friends.

Louis Laramie of the west side has been confined to his bed with sickness the past week.

Miss Jessie Stetzer returned on Friday from Wausau where she had been to attend a party.

Garry Mason and Dick Harvey spent Sunday at Merrill visiting with friends and relatives.

Merchant Wm. Downing and Geo. Ward of Dexterville were in the city on business Saturday.

Smoke the Wineschek cigar. The best ten cent smoke on earth.

Misses May and Grace Daniels of Babcock were in the city Friday night to attend the band dance.

G. H. Bacon and E. E. Dano of Mather were in the city this week attending the drainage case.

T. A. Taylor returned on Friday from Madison where he had been for a couple of days on business.

Miss Ethel Youris is visiting friends and relatives in this city for a few days, being the guest of Mrs. Matt Daly.

Mrs. Rose McFarlin of Oshkosh nee Rose McDonald has been visiting her cousin, Miss Juel Harley for the past week.

Assemblyman F. A. Cady and Senator Herman Wiperman spent Sunday in the city with their respective families.

George Liberg of Dexterville was in the city on Monday and while here favored the Tribune office with a pleasant call.

District Attorney Fred Genrick and wife of Wausau were in the city over Saturday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Eroman.

W. A. Singerman, T. A. Lipke, C. F. Kruger and Grant Beardsley were called to Wausau today as witnesses in a law suit.

See our window display of Otto's Toilet Cream. Ask for free booklet, and also special offer for 10 days. Otto's Pharmacy. You know the place.

Superintendent H. S. Youker has been at Cincinnati the past week attending the national convention of superintendents.

Jake Lutz returned home on Thursday from a trip to Milwaukee and Chicago, having been down to the cities on business.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary society of the Congregational church will meet at the home of Mrs. Wiperman Tuesday afternoon.

The state meeting of the E. F. U. lodge will be held in Marshfield on April 28th. It is expected that about 200 delegates will attend.

Will Lyons arrived in the city today, having been injured while at work on the railroad, and being off sick leave. He is visiting his mother, Mrs. R. W. Lyon.

E. J. Akey of Eau Claire, who is now traveling for a grocery house, was in the city yesterday calling on his customers, and incidentally visiting his relatives.

Prof. E. K. Sandsten of the state university at Madison, was in the city on Tuesday as an expert witness in the drainage case which is being tried before Judge Webb.

E. Menier contemplates erecting a business block on his property near the St. Paul depot the coming summer, although the plans are not definitely settled as yet.

Miss Mollie McGinn, who is teaching in the public schools at Babcock, came up on Friday evening to attend the dance given by the band boys and to visit her numerous friends.

Pillsbury's Best Flour is approved of by the most people, as more of it is sold than any other brand. The Pillsbury Mills make more than five million pounds of flour daily.

State Senator Wiperman last week presented a petition from sixty-eight soldiers of Wood county asking that soldiers' and sailors' homes valued at \$800 and under be exempt from taxation.

Geo. W. Bishop, ex-state member of the state board of control and publisher of the New North Rhinelander, is broken in health and is now an inmate of the Riverside sanitarium at Milwaukee.

"What's the matter, old man? Been losing on wheat?" "No, not that, for got to take Rocky Mountain Tea last night. Wife said I'd be sick today." 35c. Johnson Hill & Co.

H. F. Lipchow, who is a portrait artist, has rented the small building south of O. Deans saloon, and will open therein a portrait and frame studio. Mr. Lipchow is from Milwaukee and is a cousin of Martin Jackson of Seneca.

Real Estate Transfers.

Ignatius Urmanski to W. J. Shea. Consideration, \$850. A tract 243 by 135 feet, known as lot 4, block 8.

Ada Taylor and Frank E. Taylor to J. O. Winger. Consideration, \$1,300. Lot 3, block 17, original plat of Centralia.

Frank Mertle to M. F. Teske. Consideration, \$3,400. Lots 5, 6 and 7, block 15 of the Omaha Land Company's addition to city of Marshfield.

Peter Edward Fry to Ash Fry. Consideration, \$750. The sw 1/4 of the se 1/4, section 35, town of Marshfield.

H. A. Lathrop and wife to Fred Mess. Consideration, \$90. Lot 1, block C, Lathrop's addition to the city of Marshfield.

Ole Stomberg and wife to George Elberg. Consideration, \$20. Tract 10x16 rods, town of Dexter.

A. F. Boune to Wm. O. Martin. Consideration, \$1,600. S 1/2 of se 1/4, section of town of Port Edwards.

Leonard Bullis to Geo. Elberg. Consideration, \$40. A part of the se 1/4 of the ne 1/4, section 23, town of Dexter.

Louis Nelson and wife to George Elberg. Consideration, \$115. A part of the se 1/4 of the nw 1/4, section 23, town of Dexter.

Eva L. Mosher to Geo. Elberg. Consideration, \$10. A tract 9x16 rods, Dexterville.

Achsa E. Hall to George Elberg. Consideration, \$50. A tract in Dexterville 8 1/2 x 4 1/2 rods.

D. F. Mains and wife to J. A. Bolton. Consideration, \$2,350. The w 1/2 of the nw 1/4, the nw 1/4 of the ne 1/4, and the ne 1/4 of the nw 1/4, section 32, town of Rock.

J. B. Borden and wife to E. J. Hartwell. Consideration, \$2,530. Lot 14, block O, city of Marshfield.

John L. Voelker and wife to George Larson. Consideration, \$2,225. The n 1/2 of the sw 1/4, section 2, town of Auburndale.

Clarissa Arpin to Joseph Prock. Consideration, \$475. E 1/2 lots 1 and 2, block 13, Lang's replat of the city of Grand Rapids.

Louise LaVigne to Sopoia Severance. Consideration, \$350. Lot 1, block 23, original plat of Centralia.

Henry W. Carter and wife to William Harrington. Consideration, \$960. W 1/2 of the ne 1/4 and the se 1/4 of the ne 1/4, section 24, town of Saratoga.

—Plain and brick ice cream to order at Barnes & Voyer, the candy kitchen.

Truth the wording of the item concerning the masked party at W. H. Carey's house last week it might be inferred that they were invited there by Mr. and Mrs. Carey. Such was not the case, however, as it was a surprise. Mr. and Mrs. Carey have given a cordial way of greeting a surprise party that it is apt to give one the impression they have been expected all winter.

Pittsview Pilot. Word in the shape of cards was received in our city Monday announcing the marriage of Mr. Oscar Otfelle and Miss Barbara Sudlow at the residence of the bride's parents in Ballard, Wash., Feb. 11th.

Mr. and Mrs. Otfelle are now on their honeymoon trip which will extend through old Mexico, Texas and all the prominent southwestern states. They will be at home in this city after March 20th.

Rabies are quite prevalent in Portage county. During the week several cases have developed, horses, cattle and dogs being affected. Several animals have died and the situation is so serious that there is a "scare." An order has been made that all dogs in Stevens Point must be muzzled and the lives of all canines is being made miserable, the least sign of indisposition bringing death.

A bill has been drawn up by Judge Webb and sent to Senator Hutton to change the fall term of court for Waupaca and Portage counties. As proposed it will change the fall term of court in Portage county from the fourth Monday in November to the fourth Monday in October and the fall term in Waupaca county from the fourth Monday in October to the fourth Monday in November.

Joseph Cohen has had a gang of men engaged the past week in excavating on Center street for the reception of the two wooden buildings belonging to him which he intends to move in the near future. He is also getting in the stone as rapidly as possible to complete the foundation for his new brick business block. Now that Mr. Cohen has started on the good work of improvement it is to be hoped that others follow his example and do their share toward beautifying the city.

In a letter from Peter Brown of Snohomish, Washington, which incloses \$1.50 to renew his subscription to the Tribune, that gentleman states that the weather out in Washington is decidedly different from what we have been having here in Wisconsin. He states that their real winter commenced on the 1st of February, since which time there has been snow twice during the night, but that the sun melted it the next day. This is certainly vastly different from what we have been having lately.

According to an opinion received at Manitowoc on Tuesday from the attorney-general at Madison, there will be no election for supervisors this spring. The new law passed by the legislature provides that all cities of the second, third and fourth classes in the state shall elect their officers, excepting aldermen, for a term of two years. The attorney-general decides that the supervisors come under the head of city officers, and that they serve for two years. The supervisors elected all over the state outside of Milwaukee in the spring 1902 will hold over and above until the spring of 1904. This decision includes Grand Rapids. The opinion was secured at the instance of C. Otto Schmidt, a supervisor for the seventh ward in Manitowoc on a recent visit at Madison.

Mr. H. Haggins of Melbourne, Fla., writes, "My doctor told me I had consumption and nothing could be done for me. I was given up to die. The offer of a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption induced me to try it. Results were startling. I am now on the road to recovery and owe all to Dr. King's New Discovery. It surely saved my life." This great cure is guaranteed for all throat and lung diseases by John E. Daly, Druggist, Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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The HOT BLAST Stove

Is the greatest fuel saver on the market and will burn anything from cornstalks to hard coal. You are invited to call and see how these stoves work. Used at

D. M. HUNTINGTON'S, East Side Near City Hall.

VICTORIA, DEWEY, SUNBEAM

A WISE WOMAN Knows that one of the first requisites in making good bread is to have first-class flour, and she will generally have it if it is obtainable.

A WISE MAN Will always see to it that his wife has good flour and to make sure of the matter he will order VICTORIA, DEWEY or SUNBEAM.

GRAND RAPIDS MILLING CO.

—Plain and brick ice cream to order at Barnes & Voyer, the candy kitchen.

If we should say that no other person knew as much about clothes as we, or that you couldn't get as choice an assortment anywhere else as here and after we had told you so, you should find out different, you'd never have any faith in our advertisements. But we are very, very careful what we say. We do not claim however to show the largest assortment of high class Ready-to-wear Men's and Boys' Clothing in the city. Enough better assortment to make it important enough for you to come and look through our line. If we fail to please you it's our fault, but if you fail to come here and go elsewhere and pay more than we ask, then it's your fault.

Several new things for Spring are already ready here and more coming each day. Sharp contrasts in clothing are played out, neat effects, subdued colorings and quiet patterns, distinguish the attire of the most particular men this season. These same qualities combined with a superior degree of tailoring distinguish our

\$12.50, \$15.00, \$18.00, AND \$20.00 SUITS

Call in and put one on, and if they don't fit perfect don't buy, and besides you save about one-half you would have to pay a country tailor to get the same quality of goods and same or inferior workmanship

SHOES

The more you know about Shoe Value the easier it will be to sell you a pair of our "King George" line \$3.50 Shoe. Nine out of ten are asking for them. If you happen to be the tenth man other kind you wish

Our Colt Skin line being light and stylish with strength and them very popular

Our Boys' and Children's Suit Department contains the very latest creations, just received this week

"Vestee" "Norfolk" "Sailor Blouse" SUITS

We give Mothers a special invitation to call in and look through this assortment before buying. You will find it time well spent. If you try us once you will certainly come again. Ask for our "Viking Suits" for boys.

When you are ready for that Spring outfit and want to get the right things, call on us.

Kruger & Warner, 600 E. Grand Rapids, Wis.

A COMPANION OF THE VOYAGE

By Howard Fielding

Copyright, 1902, by Charles W. Moore

FIRE AT NO. 73. WILL B. P. KINDLY communicate his present address to his companion of the voyage? L. N. G. Hotel Winbrook.

Mr. Storow happened to see this small advertisement in the morning paper as he picked it up after breakfast.

"Bart," said he to the young man upon the other side of the table, "what was the name of the fellow you met on the Etruria?"

"L. Nestor Grew," responded Paulding. "Why?"

Storow burned a hole in the newspaper with his cigarette to mark the place.

"I think this means you," he said.

Paulding read the advertisement.

"This is odd, isn't it?" he said. "Must refer to me, of course. Grew asked me where I was to be in New York, and I gave him your number, as you'd asked me to stay with you awhile. When you told me on the pier yesterday morning that you'd been burned out of your rooms, I forgot to say anything to Grew about it. Fact is, I never expected him to call anyhow. We were mere traveling acquaintances, and I didn't care for him especially."

"Your friend Grew," said Storow thoughtfully, "went up to No. 73 last evening and saw the result of Tuesday's fire. Undoubtedly he tried to find out where I'd gone, but there was no body to ask except the watchman, and he knew nothing about it. So he went down to the newspaper office and put in this advertisement."

The waiter presented the check at this moment, and Storow signed it. They had breakfasted at his club. As they were leaving the building Paulding stopped suddenly at a swinging door through which he had just passed came back and hit him on the elbow. Therefore a note of pain was mingled with the exclamation of surprise which he was uttering at the moment. He drew up his injured arm slowly, pulling the hand out of his overcoat pocket and exhibiting to Storow's gaze a matchbox of oxidized silver.

"How the deuce do I happen to have this thing in my pocket?" he cried. "It's Grew's."

Storow took the box, opened and closed the lid and returned it to his friend.

"You don't mean to suggest," said he, "that his anxiety to see you can have anything to do with this?"

"I remember his saying that he thought a great deal of it," responded Paulding. "Looks like a cheap sort of thing, don't you think?"

Storow did not reply. He turned back into the club.

"Call up the Winbrook over the telephone," said he, "and ask the clerk to

bring me a copy of the paper."

Paulding went into the little booth and remained about five minutes. When he came out, he looked puzzled.

"Stranger coincidence," said he. "Mr. Grew happened to be right there when I rang up. When I asked to leave a message for him, the operator said, 'Here's Mr. Grew,' and the next instant I was talking with him. I gave him my address at your new rooms. He's coming up this evening."

"What did he say about the matchbox?"

"Seemed glad to know I had it," replied Paulding. "Said he'd got it this evening. I suggested that I'd drop in during the day at his hotel, but it seems that he's not to be there. He's coming up to your rooms about half past 8. You don't mind?"

"I've a great curiosity to see the fellow," responded Storow.

Their various affairs of the day separated the two young men, but they were to meet at the rooms at 6 o'clock. Paulding alone was prompt to this appointment. He found a note in a large envelope suspended from the chandelier, and this was the message:

Dear Bart—Mrs. Jack has decided to go to Chicago tonight, and I shall put her aboard the train. She'll take our stuff to Jack, including the can of tobacco. I

shall dine at my aunt's house in Brooklyn. Sorry that you probably won't get this in time to go over there. You'd never find the place anyhow. Hold Grew till I get back. I shall be there before 9:30, as the Chicago train leaves the Grand Central at 9:15.

C. R. S.

The lady referred to in this note was the wife of John Storow of Chicago.

Barton Paulding had met these people in England, where he and Charles R. Storow had become close friends in the course of two years when they were students together at Oxford. He was sorry to miss the chance of saying goodbye to Mrs. Jack and was inclined to blame Grew for the loss of it.

The appointment was for half past 8, but Mr. Grew was somewhat in advance of it. He had a nervous effusiveness of manner, and he seemed quite overcome with joy at the sight of Paulding.

"My dear fellow," cried the visitor, "you'll pardon my rather strenuous efforts to see you, but really I couldn't bear to lose sight of you altogether, and that's done so easily in this country."

"Sit down," said Paulding, "and have a pipe."

"Now, that shows the true instinct of good fellowship," exclaimed Grew. "A pipe was the very thing that I was thinking of—a pipe filled with that exquisite tobacco of yours. Do you remember how I sponged on you for it during the voyage—how I used to come to your room and fill my little pouch out of the big tin for a day's smoking?"

"If you hadn't praised it so highly," said Paulding, "you could have some now. But you talked me into such an admiration of it that I've sent the tin to a friend of mine in Chicago."

Grew had selected a pipe and was trying the draft of it while his sharp eyes roved about the room, to rest at last in a piercing glance upon Paulding's face. As the young man ceased speaking Grew slowly removed the pipe from his mouth.

"I'm afraid this stem is broken," said he, and, in act, the amber mouthpiece was split and crushed as if a dog had bitten it.

"Really," he continued, "you're too generous. You'll get no more of that delicious brand in this country. May I ask who will be the fortunate possessor of it?"

"John Storow," replied Paulding.

"I trust you wrapped it safely," said Grew, with a laugh. "Some of our express companies are confoundedly careless. Which one did you send it by?"

"Mrs. Storow takes it," said Paulding. "She's going west tonight."

Grew remarked that this was singular in view of the fact that he himself had meditated starting for Chicago at midnight over the Pennsylvania, so that he might have been upon the same train.

"I think my instinct would have told me that that tobacco was aboard," he continued, "even though it should be locked up in the lady's trunk in the baggage car."

"She's going by the New York Central," said Paulding, "and the tobacco is in a handbag, with a lot of odds and ends that Charley Storow and I are sending to his brother."

"Storow, Storow," repeated Grew. "Mrs. John Storow of Chicago. Upon my word, I believe I've had the pleasure of meeting the lady. May I ask what is her style of beauty?"

"Tall and very fair, pale yellow hair."

"And blue eyes; beautiful blue eyes," exclaimed Grew, rising. "Yes, indeed."

"Well, naturally her eyes are blue," responded Paulding, filling his pipe. "She's a stunning, pretty woman."

"She is, and that's a fact," said Grew. "I wish I had known that she was in town. I would have ventured to call, although my acquaintance with the lady is really very slight. However, it's too late now. She is gone, and so is your wonderful tobacco—or will be within an hour."

He drew out his watch and glanced at it as if to verify his guess. Then he selected a pipe and filled it with a smoking mixture which he presently pronounced remarkably good, though not equal to the contents of the lamented tin that was so soon to start westward.

A conversation of no particular interest followed, and a quarter before 9 o'clock Grew took his leave, despite Paulding's attempts to "hold him," as Storow had requested.

The man was no sooner gone than it occurred to Paulding that he might have time to reach the Grand Central station and say goodbye to Mrs. Jack. Accordingly, he started out about knowing that the distance was not great; but, being a stranger in the city, he lost his way, and it was ten minutes past 9 when he reached the station.

With more address than would have been expected of such a slow going fellow, he got admission to the train shed, but he failed to find his friends. Either they had come early or they had missed connections altogether.

The train was upon the point of starting when Paulding was amazed by the sight of L. Nestor Grew, who suddenly stepped down from one of the cars carrying a dark colored alligator skin satchel.

"Storow's!" exclaimed Paulding. "By love, there's some sort of game here!"

The next instant he had laid his hand upon Grew's shoulder. The man jumped as if he had been stabbed and tried to wrench himself free. The train began to move. There was no time for words. Paulding tore the satchel from Grew's grasp, and in the momentary struggle the weaker man fell to his knees. He rose slowly, as if dazed, though Paulding was not conscious of having struck him. He himself meanwhile had boarded the train, which was rapidly gaining speed. Grew ran beside it. He made a vain attempt to get a footing upon one of the verti-

buled platforms and fell, but luckily clear of the wheels. When he rose again, it was too late.

Paulding made his way into one of the cars and was almost instantly in collision with a big black porter in a white coat.

"There it is!" exclaimed a feminine voice from behind the porter. "He's got it."

The colored man squared his broad shoulders.

"This lady she say you got her trav'-lin' ba-ag," said he.

A beautiful vision came into Paulding's range of view as he shook off the porter's grasp. She had pale, golden hair and big blue eyes; she was tall, and she was a stunning, pretty woman. But she was not Mrs. Jack Storow.

"Is this yours?" gasped Paulding, holding out the bag toward her. "I thought it belonged to a friend of mine."

"This yer is mos' peculiar," began the porter. But the lady interposed.

"It was not this man who took it," said she. "It was a thin, dark man dressed in black."

"Quite so, quite so," said Paulding nervously. "I knocked him down and

took it away from him. But he didn't mean to steal your bag. He was looking for somebody else."

"He asked me was there a tall, yaller haired blond in mah car," said the porter. "He say she was his wife, an' she done forgot somethin'."

"He was looking for a tin of tobacco," said Paulding weakly.

The young lady laughed somewhat hysterically.

"Do you mean to say that this man plotted and committed this queer robbery for a box of tobacco?" she demanded.

"I don't know," said Paulding, shaking his head slowly. "That's all I can make out of it. Is there any way of finding out whether Mrs. John Storow of Chicago is on this train? She's the lady who has the tobacco, you see."

The porter, to whom the question was addressed, thought that the information could be readily obtained, and he took counsel with one of his colleagues. Meanwhile Paulding strove to put upon a better footing his acquaintance with the young lady, who graciously consented to hear his story and to favor him with her name. She was Miss Marie Ames of Albany, and in the light of her countenance Paulding was in danger of forgetting that there was any mystery in that person's remarkable proceedings, but suddenly there was a dainty flutter of feminine garments, and Mrs. Jack Storow appeared. She was followed by a porter who bore a black alligator skin satchel.

After a scene full of question marks and exclamations points and hasty and informal introductions Mrs. Storow, Miss Ames and Mr. Paulding, with the conductor of the train to lend the weight of his authority, discussed it together in the stateroom of the car. The tin of tobacco was brought forth and opened and its contents emptied upon a newspaper, with the result that every one sneezed.

The heap of tobacco seemed slowly to spread itself out, while strange, splendid fires shot from the heart of it. When these gleams were gathered, they proved to be almost a handful of unset diamonds of 200 size and admirable purity, about \$2,000 worth in all, as afterward appeared.

The two young women fairly screamed at the sight of them, while Paulding voiced his amazement in such polite English expletives as may be used in a mixed company.

"I guess it's all clear enough," said the conductor. "This fellow Grew was smuggling these things in. He got the tip from somebody after he was aboard the steamer that he was known to have the goods on him. He couldn't be caught with them, and he didn't know how to take them through, so he picked you out to do it for him. He buried this stuff in your tobacco; shoved the diamonds down to the bottom of the can with a pipe stem probably. I call it a pretty slick game. We'll count and seal up these diamonds, and I'll turn 'em over to the police in Poughkeepsie. They'll wire New York and catch Grew. You can give them the description."

Paulding shifted about in his seat and glanced furtively at Miss Ames.

"Couldn't we do it just as well in Albany?" said he. "I—I've never been in Albany, and I'd really like to see it, don't you know?"

"You will like it very much," said Miss Ames. "I expect to be there all winter. My father is a banker there."

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NATIONS AND LAUGHS.

The Various Ways Different Peoples Have of Showing Mirth.

All the world laughs, though the nations have different ways of showing mirth. The Chinese laugh is not as hearty or as expressive as the European or American. It is often a titter rather than a genuine burst of merriment. There is little character or force in it. As for the Arabian laugh, we hear little of its hilarious ring through the ages of mirth in the old world. The Arab is generally a stolid fellow, who must see good reason for a laugh or be surprised into it. In Persia a man who laughs is considered effeminate, but free license is given to female merriment.

One reads of the "grave Turk" and the "sober Egyptian," but it is not recorded that they have never moments of mirth, when the fez bobs or the veil shakes under the pressure of some particularly "good thing." In Mohammed himself Christian writers have noticed cordiality and jocoseness, and they say there is a good ringing laugh in the prophet, with all his seriousness.

An American traveler in Europe remarks the Italian mirth as languid, but musical, the German as deliberate, the French as spasmodic and uncertain, the upper class English as guarded and not always genuine, the lower class English as explosive, the Scotch of all classes as hearty and the Irish as rollicking.

The Penurious Carlyle.

It is no drawback for a Christmas gift to be useful as well as ornamental, but there is pathos in Carlyle's presentation of a washing table to his wife at Christmas, 1850. At that time he had long escaped poverty, but could conceive no more pleasing gift than this most utilitarian article which he promised in a note which the curious may still read at his house in Cheyne row:

The Prophecy of a Washstand to the nearest of all Women. Blessings on her bonny face and be it ever blithes me, as it is dear blithe or not. T. CARLYLE. Dec. 25, 1850.

This message appears to have been written in a hurry, as if Carlyle, hearing the clocks strike midnight, exclaimed: "God bless my soul! It's Christmas day. Jeannie should have a present. She spoke of a washstand the other day. She shall have it." And he forthwith penned the promise thereof. Anyway, he gave a five pound note, and Mrs. Carlyle bought a marble and mahogany washstand. —London Chronicle.

Christmas Declared Illegal.

Although it may seem incredible, it is a fact that not so many years ago Christmas was considered a superstitious festival and was stopped being held by the strong hand of the law. Holly and mistletoe were destroyed and were called "the plants of the evil one." Cakes and wines were considered impious by the superstitious.

When Oliver Cromwell was protector, he ordered all the most important towns in England not to observe Christmas, as he considered it to be a hurtful custom.

Yet a stricter law he commanded to be kept so that people might forget Christmas. That was that all the markets were to be held on Dec. 25.

Naturally this created a great stir among the country folk, and they determined thenceforth to refuse to obey his strict and extraordinary law, which he tried to enforce, but all to no purpose.

How a Buffalo Runs.

The world has read the exaggerated description of a buffalo stampede, but I don't believe anybody has ever done justice to the wonderful speed of a buffalo when lost from the herd and trying to catch up, says a man of experience. It is a deceptive gait. The man who never saw it before would swear that he could outrun the animal barefooted. But the fastest horse ridden by cowboys couldn't catch a buffalo when running alone.

Its marvelous lope, steady and enduring, carries it over the prairie at a speed that would make a race horse lie down and cry at the end of the first mile. But the buffalo keeps his gait up all day, and at night his great tanks show no signs of fatigue.

Why Dead River?

The western branch of the Kennebec has been given the name Dead river because in 1775 it was full of drowned soldiers. So one may read. But there is not a syllable of truth in it. And the next picture conjured up by the name, a dolorful Styx, turbid and miasmatic, is equally false. The plain fact is that the river flows for a long distance through meadows, and unless the water is high it scarcely seems to move at all. That is why it has been called dead. Nothing gloomy belongs to the name. A delectable and captivating stream is Dead river.—Century.

Mismatched.

Mrs. Greene—They tell me your husband has been decorated by some foreign ruler.

Mrs. Brown—Yes, but it's only a bit of ribbon, and it doesn't match my complexion at all. When Charles wears it anywhere, he'll have to go without me.—Boston Transcript.

A Modest Aspiration.

A man was asked recently by the gruff clerk at the stamp window, after he had deposited 2 cents. "Well, what do you want?" He answered gently, "An automobile, please." Verily, a soft answer turneth away wrath.—Albany Argus.

About three days after a man returns from a trip his friends begin to think up something to change the subject when they see him coming.—Atchison Globe.

Fable of the Fox And the Peasant

Once upon a time the Fox went to the Peasant and said:

"I know you have been down on me ever since one of your fowls turned up missing, but I have come to show you that I am not as black as painted. A Wolf has taken up his abode in the rocks in your lower field, and tonight he will make a raid on your sheepfold."

"Then I shall be on hand with my gun to pepper him," replied the Peasant.

"That will be well, but to make assurance doubly sure why not set traps as well? You must have several of them about."

"Yes, I have no less than six, and I will follow your advice. I am much



HIS FOOT WAS CAUGHT IN THE JAWS OF A TRAP.

obliged for your pointer, and any time I have a dead hen to throw out I will remember you."

The Fox went away, but from a hiding place he saw the Peasant lug out and set the traps spoken of and was careful to note where they were placed. An hour after dark he approached the henhouse with the design of selecting and carrying off the fattest pullet, but he had not yet found his way in when his foot was caught in the jaws of a trap, and the Peasant came out of his house at the same time.

"Alas, but is this your gratitude?" wailed the Fox as he realized that his end was near. "Didn't I take the pains to come to you and warn you that the Wolf would be after your lambs?"

"Yes, you did," replied the Peasant. "and you hadn't been gone an hour when the Wolf came and warned me that you would be after my fowls. I therefore decided to fish for Wolf and Fox at the same time."

Moral—Deception is almost sure to overreach itself.

Metrical Feet.

"Ah," he sighed ecstatically as he whirled her round the room to the sensuous measure of the waltz music. "dancing is truly the poetry of motion."

"Yes," she answered, as he trod on her very particular corn, "especially when the poet knows how to manage his feet."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Brotherly Kiss.

She looked up from her paper in astonishment.

"Here's an item," she said, "about a girl who has a second perfectly developed mouth in her cheek."

"Now, there's the only girl I ever heard of," he returned, "who was worth kissing on the cheek."—Chicago Post.

Well Prepared.

Ascum—How is that new patent medicine of yours selling?

Kakum—We haven't begun to manufacture it yet. We're busy now getting up the testimonials from prominent men who have been cured by it.—Catholic Standard and Times.

An Undesirable Place.

Wearly Wraggles—Hey! You won't get nothin' decent in dore. Dem people is vegetarians.

Hungry Hauke—Is that right?

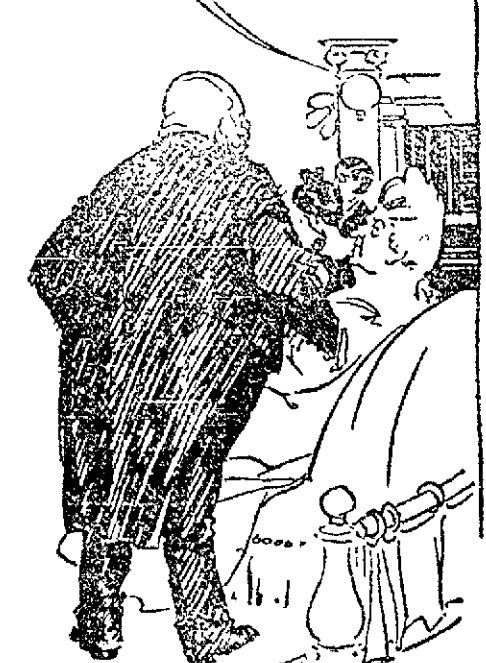
Wearly Wraggles—Yeh, an' dey got a dog w'at ain't.—Philadelphia Press.

Forbearance on Both Sides.

Harry—You and Tom appear to be the best of friends.

Dick—Why shouldn't we be? We never say what we think of each other.—Boston Transcript.

On to His Specialty.



Old Silverspoon—What's that young polican coming to see Jennie so often for?

Mrs. Silverspoon—Oh, he says he is a geological enthusiast, and he under stands you have a fine collection of rocks.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE LITTLE LACE SMUGGLER

(Original.)

Little Gretchen Labner of Brussels, Belgium, was coming to America. She was advised by a business acquaintance to put several hundred dollars which she had saved beyond her passage money into the beautiful lace made in her city and carry it with her to New York. If she could get it through the custom house free of duty, she would add considerably to her little capital. She was informed that nothing one wears is dutiable. Therefore after purchasing some white and black lace she set about decorating her clothing with it in such fashion that it would not likely be noticed by the custom house officials. With the black lace she trimmed her mantle, putting on, of course, a profusion, while the white was made into flounces on her dress beneath.

Gretchen crossed the ocean in the sweet summer time, when it was delightful to sit on deck and watch the green waves, the gulls and the blue heavens far ashore by day and the starry dome by night. Besides, the moon was at the full and, beginning with the twilight, rose later every evening. Gretchen was alone, but a young man, an invalid, on the first day out sat in his steamer chair near her and formed her acquaintance. Though the weather was warm, he was invariably wrapped in an ulster. He told Gretchen that he had dropsy.

Gretchen, lonely herself, understood more perfectly the feelings of this young man, who was not only untended, but ill. She therefore devoted herself to him. Every morning at 10 o'clock when the weather was fine—and it was fine throughout the voyage—she would place the young man's chair for him in a sheltered nook, cover him with rugs, talk to him, read to him and in every way in her power contribute to his comfort. The invalid seemed profoundly grateful for these attentions. When she put a pillow under his head, he would look into her eyes what was more than gratitude. He regretted that he could make no return for her attention except help to improve her English, which was very imperfect. It is but natural that with the language of love passing between, for Gretchen was becoming attached to her charge, they should get on rapidly with mere commonplace expressions. The young man had had a good education in the public schools and seemed quite ambitious to succeed in life. This made Gretchen's heart bleed for him. She would wrap his ulster more closely about him, and he would look up with that grateful, languid smile so touching in an invalid.

When they approached New York, Gretchen began to be worried about her lace. She craved sympathy and confided her secret to her friend. He reassured her by telling her that if she would go ashore with him he would look out for some of the officials whom he knew and each try to distract their attention from her or, if they noticed her superfluous finery, persuade them to let her go unmolested. She gladly accepted his offer and when the ship was docked supported him, still wrapped in his ulster, down the gangplank.

"Wait here a moment," he said, "and I will see if I can find a friend among these customs officers."

The invalid approached an inspector and said to him:

"What is there in it for me if I put you on to a woman who is smuggling lace?"

The officer arranged that he should receive the value of such information, and the two approached Gretchen.

"There she is," said the invalid, and the officer forthwith turned poor Gretchen over to a woman who searched her thoroughly and confiscated every yard of her precious lace. This was nothing to Gretchen compared with the shock the man's treachery caused her. She left the dock weeping. But it was not for her little savings. It was for the image she had set up in her heart which had been so roughly broken.

The next day Gretchen received a card at her boarding house with the name upon it of "Charles Turner Whitman." She had never heard of such a person and thought there must be some mistake. However, she went down into the parlor, and who should be there but the invalid, but an invalid no longer. His chalky complexion had become ruddy, his step was quick and strong, his whole appearance cheery. As soon as Gretchen saw him she turned to leave the room, but he caught her and brought her back.

"Wait, little sweetheart, till I explain. When we went ashore yesterday I had on me a small fortune in lace. My legs, body and arms were wrapped with it. If I succeeded in getting it in without confiscation, it would be the last of several such efforts and complete the amount I determined to make before discontinuing a practice which I cordially detest. No surer way of passing the officials unsuspected could be devised than directing their attention to some one else. Your few yards were nothing to the hundreds I had on me. You were kind to me on the trip, and you have been the means of my completing my work undiscovered. Share my snug fortune with me. Be my wife, and together we will enter upon a career less risky and discreditable than smuggling."

It was some time before Gretchen could recover from the shock she had received. Then she smilingly agreed to take the matter into consideration. Evidence was forthcoming that there was nothing against her lover but the several smuggling trips referred to, and she at last consented to marry him. With the proceeds of his trips about they set up a small shop and lived happily. GLADYS HARRINGTON.

NEKOOSA.

A gloom was cast over the village this past week because of the death of Fred Armbruster. He had been ill with typhoid fever for two weeks and succumbed to the disease at 11 o'clock Sunday night. Mr. Armbruster was born in Germany, December 28, 1874. At the age of seventeen years he came to America and located at Palmer, New York. He was employed in a sulphite mill at the above place as a sulphite cooker. In the year 1894 his trade brought him to Nekoosa. He was married September 9 to Miss Alma Bentz, daughter of August Bentz, proprietor of the Sherman House at Nekoosa. He was a member of the I. O. O. F. and they took charge of the funeral services which were held at the Congregational church at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Armbruster was a member of the local fire department and also of the Nekoosa brass band. They paid their last respects to him in various ways at the funeral. He leaves a brother, Gottlieb Armbruster, and a wife to mourn his loss.

Rev. Benjamin Ray has planned a series of sermons to be given during Lent. The topics are suggested by incidents in the closing days of Jesus' life and will be given during the evening service. All are cordially invited to attend. The following is the list of sermons: March 1. The Triumphal Entry—Witnessing. March 8. The Barren Fig Tree—Fruit Baring. March 15. The Widow's Mite—Giving. March 22. Jesus' Picture of the Last Judgment—Serving. March 29. The Lord's Supper—Source of Strength. April 5. His Thought for His Enemies. April 12. His Thought for Sinners. April 19. His Thought for His Friends. April 26. The Cry of His Spirit. April 3. The Cry of His Body. April 10. The Meaning of His Death. April 17. Peace at Last.

Capt. Racket was played here to a packed house last Friday. The play was put on by local talent and was appreciated by all who attended. All the parts were taken naturally and were free from the usual mistakes made by amateurs. The opinion is current that some of the performers must have missed their vocation and that they must have experienced the parts they took. The door receipts amounted to \$44 and will go to the school.

The anniversary of Washington's birthday was observed in the public schools with appropriate exercises. Some of the children of the intermediate grades also sang at the evening services at the Congregational church. A large congregation was in attendance.

Stanislaus Pataska and Nina Welner were united in marriage by Rev. Feldman on last Wednesday. They will make Nekoosa their home and will go to housekeeping at once.

Patrick O'Brien spent Sunday and Monday with his family at Babcock. He expects to move his household goods and locate here as soon as he can get a house.

Wednesday being the first day of Lent, services were held at the Catholic church. Mass will be said at 11 o'clock next Sunday.

Mrs. Daniel Linnehan of Tomah visited her sister, Mrs. Jos. Thomas, a few days the past week.

The Shakespeare club of Grand Rapids met with Mrs. Joseph Thomas last Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Dr. Simonson of Tomah is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Edward Brazeau.

Leonard Smith and Will Nash attended a dancing party at Grand Rapids last Friday.

Miss Fannie Burroughs of Port Edwards attended Capt. Rackett last Friday night.

E. D. Osborne of St. Paul was registered at the Herrick House on Thursday.

Elbert Kellogg was home on Sunday.

Mrs. Gilbert Hyde and daughters visited relatives at St. Paul last week.

Fred Podvin of Marinette was a guest of his brother over Sunday.

Kate Smith of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with her parents.

Miss Lorena Houston is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Hooper.

2:25-TW
State of Wisconsin—In Circuit Court for Wood County.

Lawrence Ward, Plaintiff,

James Joy and Emilie A. Joy, his wife; Henry B. Joy and Ellen M. Joy, his wife; Richard P. Joy, Sarah E. Jenks, Mary Joy, Nowland and Frederick Joy, sole heirs and devisees of James P. Joy, deceased; James Joy, Richard P. Joy and Henry B. Joy, as trustees and executors of and under the last will and testament of James P. Joy, deceased; Thomas G. Horseman, unmarried; George T. Hope and Mrs. George T. Hope, his wife; Frederick Gable and Helen Gable, his wife; James W. Pinchot and Mrs. James W. Pinchot, his wife; and the unknown heirs and devisees of Cyrus C. B. Pinchot, deceased, and Mrs. Cyrus C. B. Pinchot, widow, and each and every and all unknown owners and claimants of the lands in the complaint in this action described or any part or parcel thereof, Defendants.

The State of Wisconsin—To the said Defendants:

You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service, and defend the above entitled action in the court aforesaid; and in case of your failure so to do judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint, of which a copy is herewith served upon you.

GOGGINS & BRAZEAU,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

P. O. Address: Grand Rapids, Wood County, Wisconsin.

Note: To you the defendants named in the above entitled action and in the above foregoing summons, and to each of you:

Take notice that the following is a description of the real estate and premises affected by the above entitled action commenced by said summons, to wit:

The NW 1/4, SE 1/4, SW 1/4, SE 1/4, SE 1/4, and SW 1/4, of Section 8; the SW 1/4, SW 1/4, SW 1/4, and NW 1/4 of Section 3; all of Township 21 North, of Range 3 East.

Further take notice that the summons and complaint in said action was duly filed in the office of the clerk of said court at the city of Grand Rapids, in said Wood county, Wisconsin, on the 24th day of February, 1903, and has there continued and remained and now remains on file in that office.

Further take notice that said action is brought to quiet and establish the plaintiff's title to said land and each and every tract thereof against any claim and all claims of said defendants or any or either of them to said lands and to each and every parcel thereof and to fore ver bar and cut off said defendants and each and every and all of said defendants from having or claiming any right or title to or interest in said lands adverse to said plaintiff. And should here refer to said complaint for the full facts on which this action is based and for a more full description of the land affected.

Dated February 24, 1903.
GOGGINS & BRAZEAU,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PORT EDWARDS.

There was quite a little excitement in our burg Friday evening when the alarm of fire was given and it was learned that Will Brazeau's pretty home was in flames. Mr. and Mrs. Brazeau had just left home fifteen minutes before, and were at church when the alarm was given. There is no fire protection in our village, and the fire had gotten such head way that nothing could be done to stop it in the way of buckets of water. The fire it seems originated from the furnace and crept up the side of the chimney in such a way that when the windows were broken, causing a draught the flames burst all through the house. They were able to save only a few pieces of furniture. Luckily the wind was from the west or Geo. Brazeau's home and the chapel would have been in danger. The loss to Mr. Brazeau was in the neighborhood of \$5,000 with insurance amounting to \$3,400. It is probable that Mr. Brazeau will rebuild, although he has not decided definitely as yet.

Hugh Miscoil has resigned his position with the Brazeau Bros. Mercantile Co., and accepted a position with the Heineman Merc. Co. of your city. He expects to move his family to your city in a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Larson and family went to Merrill to visit relatives a few days before departing for the west. They returned Sunday evening.

Mrs. W. Early received the news of the death of her sister in Kaukauna, and left for that city on Tuesday.

A little George Washington came into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brandner last Sunday.

Miss Susie Keyser of your city has been visiting her sister, Mrs. H. Miscoil for the past week.

Miss Blanch Cleveland of your city spent Saturday at the S. Cleveland home.

C. S. Whittlesey, the insurance man was a caller in our village Saturday.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & C. TOLEDO, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WEST & IRVING, WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, TOLEDO, O.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, TOLEDO, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MARSHFIELD.

Fred Beil received a challenge yesterday from J. J. Rooney, the giant gripman of Chicago, for an even match, best two in three falls, for \$500 or any part of it. Rooney weighs over 200 pounds but Fred thinks seriously of taking him on. A match is being arranged for Saturday evening, March 7th in this city, between Beil and James McCauley, a middle-weight of St. Paul.

Among those from out of town who attended the Arion ball at the Armory last Wednesday evening were: Mr. and Mrs. Will Kellogg, Guy Nash, Otto Roenius, Miss Florence Phillee, Miss Effie Goggins, and Miss Carrie Briere of Grand Rapids.

A. B. Kroll, of New York city, brother of Rev. Leopold Kroll, until recently pastor of the Episcopal church in this city, is a guest of Geo. H. Reynolds and contemplates taking up his residence here.

Bart Truhler, an early resident passed away on Monday after suffering three years with paralysis. He was 67 years of age and leaves a wife and seven children.

The Rev. John Eisen, pastor of St. John's Catholic church, has definitely decided upon visiting his birth place in Europe this summer after an absence of twenty years.

The public library is now equipped with a traveling German library.

Prominent People.

Robert G. Ingersoll, Roswell P. Flower and Henry George are among the many prominent citizens of the United States who are said to have died of heart failure caused by acute indigestion. There is one absolutely sure and speedy cure for indigestion, constipation and biliousness. It is Re-Go Tonic Laxative Syrup a pleasant medicine to take and costs but a trifle. 25 cents. Sold by Sam Church, druggist.

KELLNER.

J. M. Gage received word from Klogfoss and Brockway that their sawmill will be here March 15th and everyone is hauling logs to the mill site.

A crowd of gypsies are camped about a mile and a half from our burg and everyone hereabouts has either a good fortune, some medicine or jewelry.

A number of Henry Osterman's old friends and neighbors surprised him on Monday night in honor of his birthday.

Robert Hanneman is the happy possessor of one of those long eared music boxes which play hee! hau! hee! hau!

A happy crowd of young people spent Sunday evening at Mrs. Buss'. Everyone reports a pleasant evening.

The dance on Saturday evening was not as well attended as usual but every one present reports a fine time.

F. E. Kellner started for Chicago Monday night with five cars of potatoes in charge for our buyer.

Mr. Boles and Mr. Eberhardt of your city spent Monday the guests of John Boles.

Many of our people are in your city attending the drainage suit.

C. G. Hansen spent Monday night in Grand Rapids.

Wm. Goldberg is moving to your city this week.

—We are going to sell out all our copyrighted books at 98 cents. Among them are Jezebel, Mr. Whitman, Quasanti, the Redemption of David Carson and many others, at Johnson & Hill company's drug department.

BABCOCK.

Died of pneumonia, little Carlton Rude, oldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rude, aged about two years. Everything that living hands could do was done, but to no avail and Carlton passed away on Tuesday, Feb. 10. Mr. and Mrs. Rude have the sympathy of the entire community.

The mask ball given in the town hall on Monday evening was a decided success. There were about forty numbers sold. The music was good, and everybody had a good time.

Mrs. A. B. Coty of Pittsfield and Mrs. Sam Gaiffeth of this village, were shopping in Necedah last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Styles have been very sick with pneumonia the last week but are some better at this writing.

Mrs. A. B. Coty and daughter Dawn of Pittsfield were visitors at the home of Sam Griffith over Sunday.

Mrs. Chas. Porter has been in Necedah the last week in attendance on her mother, who is sick.

Miss Irene Styles was visiting her parents in this village over Sunday.

Oscar Law and wife of Nekoosa were Babcock visitors on Monday.

Nearly Forfeits His Life.

A runaway almost ending fatally, started a horrible ulcer on the leg of J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. For ten years he defied all doctors and all remedies. But Bucklen's Arnica Salve had no trouble to cure him. Equally good for Burns, Bruises, Skin Eruptions and Piles. 25c at John E. Daly's Drug Store.

RUDOLPH.

We all wonder why Frankie Akey when taking his horses out for exercise on Sunday always chooses the road leading to Stevens Point. It must be that he finds the road very interesting. What is it Frankie?

It is rumored that the members of the E. F. U. are thinking seriously of building a hall this spring. This will be a good move as a good hall will certainly pay.

It was reported by the members of the E. F. U. that they all had a pleasant time last Saturday night and all partook of a fine oyster supper.

Jean Crotteau was in Grand Rapids Friday and drove to Byron on Saturday to spend the Sunday with the Lavaque family.

Mr. Onholt mourns the loss of a fine bear skin robe which was stolen out of his sleigh recently.

Miss Daisy Lavaque of Byron who is attending the sister's school spent Sunday with her parents.

Mrs. Slattery and two daughters of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Slattery.

What's become of the much talked of telephone service we were going to have?

Benny Benson who was employed in the woods up north is at home again.

Francis Lavaque who is employed at Chicago was home for a short visit.

Oliver Akey saw two large timber wolves near here one day last week.

Miss Laura Akey will be employed at Port Edwards for sometime.

Fred Phillips of Milwaukee made a short call here last week.

Rev. VanSever will hold services at Pittsfield next Sunday.

Alex Gackowski was seen driving thru here Sunday.

Miss Josie Morgan is seriously ill at this writing.

A Cure For Lumbago.

W. C. Williamson, of Amherst, Va. says: "For more than a year I suffered from lumbago. I finally tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm and it gave me entire relief, which all other remedies had failed to do."

For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood Co. Drug Co.

Wood County, City of Grand Rapids—In Justice Court. To Joseph Gola:

You are hereby notified that a summons and garnishee has been issued against you and your property garnished to satisfy the demand of A. B. Brower, amounting to \$2.75. Now unless you shall appear before Burton L. Brown, justice of peace in and for said county, in his office in said city on the 27th day of February A. D. 1903 at 9 o'clock in forenoon judgment will be rendered against you and your property sold to pay the debt. Dated this 5th day of February, A. D. 1903.

ABE BROWER, Plaintiff.
By GEO. H. MURTAGH, Attorney.

"I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a number of years and have no hesitancy in saying that it is the best remedy for coughs, colds, and croup I have ever used in my family. I have no words to express my confidence in this Remedy.—Mrs. J. A. Moore, North Star, Mich. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

Report.

Of the Seneca, Sigel and Rudolph Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

Risk.	No.	Amount.
In force Dec. 31, 1901.....	1132	\$1,127,135.00
Written and renewed during year 1902.....	277	333,159.00
Total.....	1409	1,460,294.00
Cancelled and expired during year.....	115	97,860.00
In force Dec. 31, 1902.....	1294	1,460,294.00

Balance Sheet.
Balance on hand Dec. 31, 1902..... \$534.32

Income During Year 1902.
Cash received for premiums..... \$1,326.29
Cash received for assessments..... 1,247.12
Total received..... 2,573.41
Sum of both amounts..... 3,108.23

Disbursements During Year 1902.
Paid for losses..... \$2,141.45
Paid for salaries and fees..... 261.25
All other payments and expenditures..... 110.45
Total of expenditures during year 1902..... 2,513.15
Cash balance on hand Dec. 31, 1902..... 534.32

Directors.
From the town of Seneca, Wm. Jackson, Wm. Peters; town of Sigel, Jul. Matthews, Ed. Polansky; town of Rudolph, John T. Pigels, Frank Whitman. President, Jul. Matthews, Grand Rapids; vice president, John T. Pigels, Grand Rapids; secretary, Wm. Peters, Grand Rapids; treasurer, Louis Zeamin, Grand Rapids.

Agents.
F. C. Henke for the towns of Sigel, Rudolph and Carson; Martin Jackson, towns of Hansen, Seneca, Port Edwards and Grand Rapids; Wm. Gaultke, towns of Saratoga and Grant; Jos. N. Lanzmaier, towns of Sherry and Milladore; E. Berg, towns of Anturadale, Marshfield, Richfield and Arpin; Peter H. Johnson, towns of Rock and Lincoln; E. D. Ayers, towns of Wood and Curv; R. A. Kruger, towns of Dexter, Hiles and Remington.

ALTDORF.

Chris Faver who lives three miles west of here will hold an auction on his place, Thursday, March 5th at which time he will offer all his stock, household goods and farming implements for sale. Mr. Faver has intentions to move his family to Washington in the near future. They have been residents here for the past twelve years and their friends will wish them success in their new home.

Mrs. A. Huser, son Henry and Miss Clara Youskow drove to the Rapids Saturday.

The cold weather has kept the children out of school last week.

Mr. A. Huser is on the sick list this week.

Bilious Colic.

H. Seever, a carpenter and builder of Kenton, Tenn., when suffering intensely from an attack of bilious colic, sent to a near by drug store for something to relieve him. The druggist sent him a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, three doses of which effected permanent cure. This is the only remedy that can be depended upon in the most severe cases of colic and morbus.

Most druggists know this and recommend it when such a medicine is called for. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

DANCING SCHOOL.

—Mrs. Lyden an experienced teacher of dancing from Marshfield will start a series of dancing lessons about Friday, March 6, once a week, followed by informal dances 9 to 12.50. Club rates very reasonable will be given all if there are fifty or more take lessons. Private lessons at 7 p. m. Watch this paper.

...OTTO'S...

Toilet Cream!

The great Nullifier of Chapped Hands and Sore Lips. It's a healer. The perfume is dainty, a great favorite. This fine toilet cream has a continual round of uses in the family, where there is Chafing, Chapping, Burning or Roughening of the skin.

PRICE 25C.

If you buy it, and do not like it, come and tell us. We want you to.

OTTO'S PHARMACY

GRAND RAPIDS.

•• YOU KNOW THE PLACE ••

ANNOUNCEMENT!

The most memorable event in the history of Grand Rapids.

We have purchased of J. R. Ragan, of Milwaukee, the two retail stocks of the Wisconsin Knitting Company, formerly located at Oshkosh and Racine, comprising about \$7,000.00 worth of

Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Mittens, etc.

For men, ladies, misses and children, both cotton and wool. We get the goods for about one-half of the regular wholesale cost and will offer the same at less than the average merchant pays for the same class of goods. We quote a few prices illustrating the scope of this great price making scale.

7c Blue mixed seamless sox, sale price.....	3c
12 1/2c Black sox, sale price.....	5c
15c Black sox, sale price.....	7c
20c black sox, sale price.....	9c
35c wool and cotton sox, sale price.....	16c
25c ladies' black hose.....	11c
20c ladies' black hose.....	9c
50c ladies' and men's wool fleeced underwear.....	29c
50c boys' wool leggings, Jersey knit.....	38c
\$1.00 wool sweaters.....	79c
\$1.25 wool sweaters.....	85c

The balance of the stock to be sold in the same proportion. **SALE COMMENCES TUESDAY, FEB. 24th.** Call early and supply your wants for the next year.

HEINEMAN MERC. COMPANY.

FREE!

An Oyster Cocktail

DEMONSTRATOR HERE!

FREE!

An Oyster Cocktail

We have secured the services of Miss Marion Wilson, representing the well known relish manufacturers, SNIDER & CO., of the celebrated Snider & Co. catsup fame. We have arranged a corner in our store giving Miss Wilson an opportunity to demonstrate the merits of her wares, including such relishes as Salad Dressing, Chili Sauce, Tomato Soup and Oyster Cocktail. A courteous invitation to all to enjoy an Oyster Cocktail and Tomato Soup FREE. We place special stress on this invitation as we want all housekeepers to have pure and proper relishes in their household. **BE SURE AND COME.**

Miss Wilson's Hours will be from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m.

Commencing Monday, March 2, and ending Saturday, March 7.

W. GROSS & COMPANY.